YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

EGYPT TOO HOT FOR HITLER

See page

GUN WOMAN

Mrs. Mary Fultz fires a 50 calibre machine gun at Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Ground. An ejected cartridge has been caught in mid-air by the photographer. For a story on women behind the guns, turn to page 8.

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"HANDS ACROSS THE DESERT." A YANK IN EGYPT IS WELCOMED BY A TOMMY

TANK YANKS ABSORB A LESSON IN STRATEGY VIA BEER CANS (EMPTY)

DUCK! A BRITISH INFANTRYMAN HUGS MOTHER EARTH AS A BOMB GOES BOOM

AMERICAN GENERAL GRANT TANKS LINE UP TO MOVE INTO THE DESERT BATTLE

BREAK. PVT. HARRY REZMERSK, BINGHAMTON, N. Y., SITS ON A SPITFIRE AND CATCHES UP ON THE NEWS

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Rommel Didn't Get To Cairo

The key may still be in the desert. Egypt leads to the Middle East, and the Middle East leads to India. In the ageless Egyptian wastes, where American troops are meeting Germans for the first time in this war, Erwin von Rommel, field marshal of Hitler's Afrika Korps, is making his plans, bending over maps with his sunburned staff. For the moment the cards are in his hand, but he is finding them hard to play. . . .

THE sloppy field marshal who was visiting the forward German positions on the El Alamein front passed out the last of the cigarettes he was carrying. He looked around at the bronzed, easy-moving men of the Afrika Korps who stood before him. "Well, boys," he said, "we're off to Cairo."

It was late August, and the field marshal was Erwin von Rommel, the Fox of the Desert. His optimistic statement was reported by one of his own solders who was captured by the British several days after the tracks of German tanks once more began churning toward the ancient, British-held cities of Egypt.

The field marshal didn't get to Cairo. In fact, he got only eight miles through a British minefield before circumstances quite out of the hands of the Fuehrer sent him back the way he came. The circumstances were British. A cautious British GHQ, remembering the many times in the past that Rommel had been "defeated," only to wiggle his way back to victory, made no sweeping claims. Perhaps, after all, GHQ thought, this had not been the *big* German push; Rommel, one knew, if one had been in contact with him before, was a pretty slippery chap.

Brown Desolation

Axis propagandists decided—after eight days of fighting—to call the affair a mere "reconnaissance in force." Axis propagandists, though, know when to call a spade a shovel. No one was exactly sure, to begin with, whether it was a big battle or a minor engagement, but as more returns came in it began to appear more and more certain that one of the decisive engagements of World War II had been fought on a 25-mile stretch of brown desolation between the Mediterranean and the salt bogs of the Quattara Depression.

It was established beyond much doubt that Rommel had deployed the whole of his famed Afrika Korps for the action. It was established beyond any doubt that in this battle he had lost over 100 tanks, hundreds of smaller vehicles, scores of much-needed planes, and many of his famous 88-millimeter guns.

Rommel had hoped to crash through to the Nile Valley. He had said so, and by his admission he had proved it was no "reconnaissance in force." A slightly paunchy Hoosier with a mid-western drawl, whose name was Wendell Willkie, witnessed the engagement as the guest of the British High Command. Willkie, an old artilleryman, knew what was going on. "If there are many more such reconnaissances in force," he said, "there won't be any Germany left."

The battle started shortly before midnight on Sunday, August 30, when Italian troops carried out two disinterested raids—one against the Australians holding the Hill of Jesus on the north end of the line, and another against West Yorkshire troops holding the center. Neither raid got anywhere.

Moving Up by Moonlight

At 2 A.M. that night a bright moon was casting faint, fantastic shadows along the desert, and beneath its soft rays all-German detachments began to move on El Himeimat, a 200-foot hill eight miles from the rim of Quattara. As the moon sank and the desert cooled the Germans picked their way through the minefields that formed a sort of No-man's Land between the forces. Now and then the night would mushroom into flame as an unseen mine was struck by a hapless tank. But the Nazis moved on into the dawn and the rising sun.

On Monday at 10 A.M. the entire Afrika Korps was lined up between El Himeimat and Ruweisat Ridge, 10 miles to the north. By now anyone could see through Rommel's intentions. He was going to try to force the southern end of the British line, break through to the rolling desert beyond, and outflank the strong British position in the north around El Alamein. His strength consisted of two divisions—the 15th and the 21st—of 17,000 men and 200 tanks each, the 90th Light Motorized Division of 14,000 men, and the 164th Division of 17,000 men.

All Monday was spent in jockeying for positions. British artillery boomed out. Rommel's forces were well-dispersed, however, and little damage was done. Stukas came over and tried to knock out the British 25-pounders and the new 4.5-inch howitzers that were whaling away at the panzers. Two Stuka formations were broken up by RAF fighters; six Nazi bombers crashed thunderously into the minefield, the noise of their impact heard even above the rumble of the guns. As darkness came down on Monday night detachments of the British Imperial 8th Army made three raids into enemy territory. Aussies took 100 Germans prisoner. South Africans came back with 12.

Allies Rule Skies

With sunrise on Tuesday, artillery and plane activity became intensified. The 12th and 98th Bombardment Groups and the 57th Fighter Group of the U.S. Army Air Force, all aching for action flew with British and South African squadrons in some 200 separate sorties over the front. The B-25s and A-20 Boston bombers went particularly after the "soft-skinned" vehicles—the supply and ammunition trucks which Rommel had moved up back of the line. Dozens of them went up in flames, and Allied planes ruled the skies.

Rommel tried a cute stratagem that Tuesday morning. Nazi tanks began to cavort like ballerinas in front of the British lines. The British refused to play; they recognized this as an attempt to lure their own tanks into a nest of cleverly concealed and deadly German anti-tank guns. Like the efforts of all German ballerinas, it was just a little heavy.

At 5 P.M. Rommel, despairing of other tactics, sent over wave after wave of Mark IIIs and Mark IVs, head-on into British positions. It was during this action that American tanks got into the battle. Fifteen U.S. crews—92 men and 6 officers—manning General Grants and General Lees, sat tight, waiting. Sgt. James Patano, of Chicago, who was there, summed up the action succinctly. "Every gunner had his finger on the trigger," he said, "and we just waited for what seemed hours while the enemy kept coming closer and closer. Then finally our commander announced very calmly, 'You may fire now.' After a short time, during which the air was filled with shells and shrapnel, the Jerries turned around and beat it."

In one sector four American tanks accounted for six Mark IVs, without getting a scratch themselves. In fact, there was not one casualty among the U.S. tank personnel during the entire battle. The more numerous British accounted for many more tanks.

Nazi Losses Large

After this one great foray the rest of the battle was anti-climactic, though still important. British artillery kept slugging away. Allied bombers came over in bigger, more frequent waves. As the pressure increased, Rommel began to retire little by little. As he retreated he took a steady pounding. By Friday the British could announce that the Germans had definitely lost the initiative; by Sunday Rommel was back where he had started.

Nazi losses had, indeed, been large. Stretching clear to the horizon of that desolate plateau the still-vigilant British could see burned-out tanks, wrecked cars, destroyed trucks and crashed planes. They were the mute tokens of a battle that had saved Egypt and the Middle East for the United Nations. Rommel was still a long way from Cairo, and the cigarettes he had optimistically given out were now dead ashes on the sands of Egypt, where armies had tried before.

ITALIAN PRISONERS, CAPTURED BY NEW ZEALAND AND INDIAN TROOPS, SEEM NONE TOO DEPRESSED

INTERNATIONAL BANQUET. BRITISHERS AND AMERICANS ENJOY A MESS

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The Poor Nazis -their Tale of Woe

Mr. Hitler Regrets He Can't Stop RAF Bombings, While Capture of Stalingrad Presents "Fantastic Difficulties."

ONE year ago, in a bombastic moment at the opening of the annual Nazi "Winter Help" campaign, Adolf Hitler shouted triumphantly:

"Soviet Russia already is broken and will never rise again!"

Last week Hitler opened another Winter Help campaign, but this time his mood was different, his tune had changed. Instead of shouting his words to a rowdy, stamping Nazi audience at Berlin's Sportspalast, the Fuehrer's speech was read by an anonymous voice over the German radio. Instead of announcing big, resounding victories, or even predicting them, the Nazi leader spoke of "unimaginable privations," of "deep, heavy sacrifices," of "struggles without precedent." Instead of claiming that Russia was defeated, Hitler could only warn his people to expect another hard winter fighting the Red Army.

As the Reichsfuehrer spoke, Nazi legions were fighting in Stalingrad's outskirts, had climbed the high passes of the Caucasus and were operating in force in Egypt. The Germans were still on the offensive; off-hand it might even seem that Adolf Hitler could justifiably do a little boasting. But such is the mood of Hitler's Germany today that any announcement short of a total victory ending the war would not impress the German public.

The Truth Begins to Dawn

Every reliable scrap of news brought from inside Germany these days points to an ever-increasing war weariness, an ever-deepening cynicism on the part of the German people. Nazi internal propaganda, heretofore so boastful and cocksure, has backfired. To have advertised the Russian victories before they happened proved to be a colossal blunder in the face of continued arrivals of German dead and wounded from the eastern front. The British who were so decisively beaten at Dunkirk have returned to pound German cities ceaselessly from the air these late summer and early fall nights.

The Wehrmacht is far from beaten. Nor are the German people ready for internal revolution. They fear the consequences of defeat too much for that. But there is convincing evidence that with a considerable segment of the German population disillusionment has already set in. New victories can only mean more enemies, and new campaigns must only call for more fearful sacrifices.

Pattern of Battle

Instead of pooh-poohing British and Russian strength, the Nazis have begun to inject a note of realism here and there. As Field Marshal von Bock drove his men relentlessly on, nearer and nearer to Stalingrad, the Russians, soldiers and civilians alike, gave everything they had to make this city on the Volga the tombstone of Nazi eastward ambitions.

Each side in this battle deployed well over 300,000 men, with the Nazis generally outnumbering the Russians. The Germans concentrated well over 1,000 planes of all types on the Stalingrad front—a number the Russians simply could not match. To the Stukas was assigned most of the dirty work, but for the first time the Nazis also used fighters to work in collaboration with tanks. The Nazis had undoubted aerial superiority over the area, but the Red Air Force was far from knocked out. The Russians, for their part, relied mainly on Stormovik dive and attack bombers.

The Russian defense was organized in depth. Artillery was mainly used for anti-tank purposes. There were signs that the Russians were short on armored vehicles to fight the German tanks. Every gun emplacement had at least three reserve positions. The approaches to the city were all heavily mined. A maze of fortified trenches half-filled the city. Every house and building in Stalingrad itself was fortified, even as the Russians dismantled the machinery of the city's huge tank factory and moved it eastward to safety.

In face of such stubborn defense, the Germans admitted "fantastic difficulties" in taking the city and there was a warning not to expect Stalingrad's fall overnight. "The battle of Stalingrad is destined to count among the most colossal and stubborn in military history," alibied one Nazi newspaper. "The prize for which the Germans are contending would mean a terrific loss to the Soviet. Bolshevism, in all its tenacity and maliciousness, realizes this and is now concentrating on defending this one point alone."

Problems on Wheels

The Allies continued with their non-stop aerial offensive over Germany, concentrating for the most part on transportation centers. The pattern of this continuous, 24-hour-a-day raiding became most distinct as night after night, in communique after communique, mention was made of the bombing of locomotive works, railway junctions, repair shops, of trains in motion. This aerial "second front" that British, American, Dutch, Czech, and Russian airmen were establishing over Hitler's Reich was a methodical attack on Germany's system of railroads and canals.

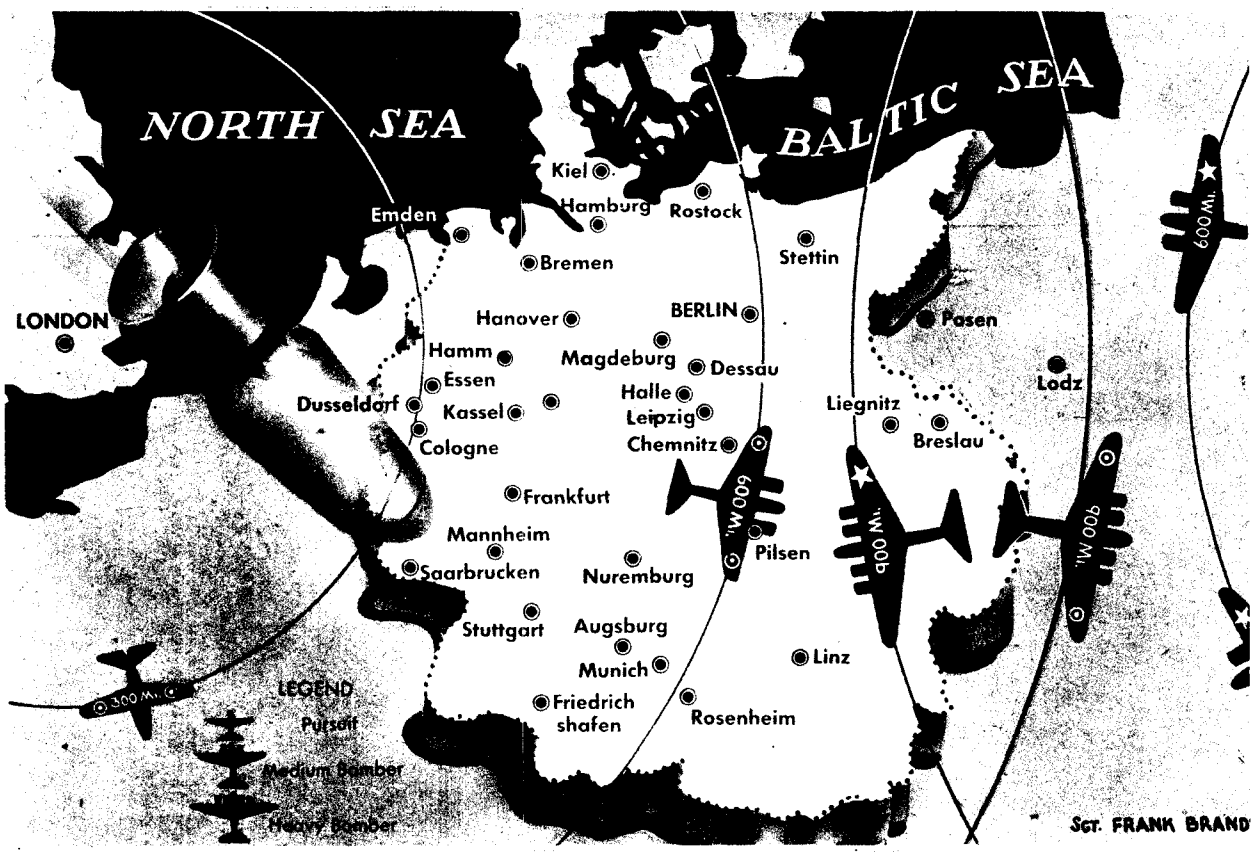
A transport crisis was largely responsible for Germany's internal breakdown in World War I. Germany's 50 large cities were on the brink of starvation in 1918 not only because there was little food in the Empire but also because there were too few freight cars in which to bring that food to the populated centers. Little has been done since to improve German rolling stock. The Nazis have concentrated instead on guns.

Military traffic in this war is on a scale never imagined in the last. Coal and oil must be distributed from one end of Europe to the other in freight cars. The Germans have agreed to ship 1,000,000 tons of coal monthly to Italy, and all must go over railroads. French factories are now being moved by rail toward the east, at the same time that entire industries from bombed-out cities of the Rhineland are being transferred to subjugated areas of Poland and Czechoslovakia. All this means an additional strain on German railroads.

Red Air Force Joins Party

The RAF has thus already caused a consider-

Dive-bombed supply train in Russia.



East-west bomb zones. If these 33 cities were bombed out, would the Nazi war machine collapse?

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able eastern migration of German industry. Now a new note has been added to these bombings. The Russians are hitting Germany from the air. They have begun to bomb eastern Europe. At first the Nazis called the Russian raids mere "nuisance affairs." Now they were less scornful.

In the west, night after night, the names of Hanover, Duisberg, Coblenz, Flensburg, Kassel, Saarbrucken, Karlsruhe, Nuremberg and other cities appear in RAF communiques. In the east, the Red Air Force, in its nightly summary, mentions Breslau, Lodz, Stettin, Koenigsberg, Warsaw. Recently Budapest, Hungary's capital, was added to this list, proving that the Nazi stooges can expect no mercy either.

Allied war economists figure that German industries are concentrated in the 33 cities shown in the accompanying map, most of which are receiving frequent RAF or Red Air Force visits. If these cities could be bombed out, the economists believe, Germany's war supplies would be hopelessly damaged.

Take It and Like It

That these mighty east-west raids are having their psychological as well as physical effect inside Germany can no longer be kept a secret even by the Nazis. Minister of Propaganda Goebbels recently granted that German cities were suffering from "deep and bitter wounds." Later, Gen. Quade, spokesman for the German air force, had to admit in a radio speech that the Luftwaffe, which used to reign supreme over western Europe, was not strong enough to fight both in west and east at the same time.

"We must provide at all costs a bigger air force in Russia," he consoled. "We cannot be strong enough there. Those areas which are subjected to heavy bombing by the RAF should remember that they give their life for final victory. The civilians suffer in the interests of the community. The morale of the people in the bombed areas is excellent, the more so because these people know that in a long war the strategical situation will change. When we are finished in the east, thousands of bombers will be freed for operations over Britain."

More to the point, Hitler announced the appointment of a new air raids precaution chief for all Germany and occupied areas.

President, Prime Minister Tell the World . . .

Hardly more than 12 hours apart, President Roosevelt addressed the nation with an "offensive-minded" report on the conduct of the war and Prime Minister Churchill spoke before Parliament in a similar address. Thus from the governmental heads of two of the most powerful United Nations came messages of past action and future determinations in the war against the Axis. Below are excerpts, containing significant phrases which express the confidence and the decisions of the leaders of the United States and Great Britain:

ROOSEVELT

Russia: Hitler has been unable to destroy a single Russian army; and this . . . is his main objective. . . . In spite of any setbacks, Russia will hold out. . . .

Pacific: We must not overrate the importance of our successes in the Solomon islands, though we may be proud of the skill with which these local operations were conducted. At the same time, we need not underrate the significance of our victory at Midway. There we stopped the major Japanese offensive.

The Middle East: The Axis powers are fighting to gain control of the area, dominate the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, and gain contact with the Japanese Navy. The battle in the Middle East is now joined. . . . We are hopeful of the outcome.

Europe: Here the aim is an offensive against Germany. There are at least a dozen different points at which attacks can be launched. . . . The power of Germany must be broken on the battlefields of Europe.

General: Certain vital military decisions have been made. . . . I can say now that all of these decisions are directed toward the offensive. . . .

We glory in the individual exploits of our soldiers, our sailors, our marines, our merchant seamen. . . .

Battles are not won by soldiers or sailors who think first of their own personal safety. . . .

CHURCHILL

Russia: The Russians don't think that we or the Americans have done enough so far to take the weight off them. . . . Mr. Harriman (U. S. lend-lease expediter) and myself made Mr. Stalin feel confident in our loyal resolve to come to their aid as quickly as possible and without regard to losses or sacrifices involved.

Atlantic: Our warfare on enemy submarines is more successful than at any former period of the war. . . . Our losses are still most heavy, but production of new merchantmen by the United Nations has definitely crossed and maintained itself on a new graph above the line of sinkings.

Europe: The enemy can see at our ports many signs of movements which we are unable to conceal. He is also aware of the steady and rapid influx into these islands of United States divisions and other troops. But what he doesn't know is how, when and where, or with what force and in what fashion he will be smitten. . . . The Dieppe raid was such a hard and savage clash as is likely to become increasingly numerous. . . . I regard the Dieppe assault an indispensable preliminary to full scale operations. . . .

Middle East: The spirit of the troops was admirable, but it was clear that drastic changes were required in the high command, that the army must have a new start and a new leader. . . . I feel we've now got a team well adapted to our needs and the finest at our disposal. .

A GLAMOUR BOY AND A PRUSSIAN GUIDE NAZI DESTINY IN THE FIELD

If Adolf Hitler had reached blindly into some magical grab-bag, he could not have pulled out two men more completely different than Field Marshals Erwin von Rommel and Fedor von Bock to command his Nazi armies on two bloody fronts.

ROMMEL, commander of the Afrika Korps in Egypt, is the glamour boy of the Wehrmacht. Chubby cheeked and sloppy even in the flashy dress of a Nazi general officer, he loves publicity. He makes radio speeches from the battlefield in which he admits his successes are "spectacular." He scurries around making pictures of his battles. He sometimes lectures British prisoners on the mistakes they made in combat.

BOCK, commander of the southern forces in Russia from Stalingrad to the Caucasus, is thin, immaculate, hard and cold. He despises anything civilian—including having his picture in the papers—and he wears his uniform with a Prussian exactness. He never unbends, not even to high Nazis. To him "women are not important."

ROMMEL was born in light-hearted, gay Bavaria, in 1900, the son of a school teacher. Bock was born in the stiffest of Prussian homes, in 1880, the son of a general of the Imperial Army. Bock started to military school when he was 10 years old; Rommel was in his late teens before he thought it would be nice to be a big military man.

BOCK could not conceivably be a politician. He cares nothing for the Nazi party. He is, if anything, a Hohenzollern sympathizer, having been a close friend of the Crown Prince. Another friend, General von Schleicher, was assassinated in 1934 by the Nazis.

ROMMEL, on the other hand, got in on the ground floor with the Fuehrer. He was a big shot in the Storm Troopers during the early days, later headed the SS and acted as Hitler's personal bodyguard. He was the fair-haired boy long before the outbreak of open war.

Erwin von Rommel

Fedor von Bock

BOCK rose slowly to his generalship; Rommel got there practically overnight. Bock was made a major general in 1929, while Rommel was still a colonel during the Polish campaign in 1939. Now Rommel ranks Bock, although they both hold the title of Field Marshal General.

BOCK's actual battle experience far exceeds Rommel's. He commanded Nazi troops which invaded Austria in 1938, the northern army in Poland in '39, the right wing of the invasion through the Low Countries and France in '40, and the central armies in Russia last year.

ROMMEL left a desk job in the Nazi War College to command the German tank outfits which overran France. Early in 1941 he went to Africa.

While Bock dislikes nobody in particular and everybody in general, Rommel has one special grudge. During World War I he was captured by the Italians in northern Italy and, although he managed to escape shortly afterwards, he is still not reconciled to the fact that the Ities are on his side now. The Ities under his command are not reconciled to it either; Rommel never misses a chance to take a crack at them or leave some particularly dirty work in their hands.

In their tactics and strategy the two are utterly alike. Rommel, geared to war in the desert, is a shifty fighter, fox-like, wily, unpredictable. Bock, always the Prussian, is master of the steamroller tactics which have piled German dead high in 15 months of fighting against the Red Army.

Rommel commands a force of 140,000 men. Bock is in command of a million or more.

Both Bock and Rommel have their own particular way of personally rewarding soldiers. Bock draws pictures and passes them out to his favorite officers. Rommel strikes his famous warrior pose and allows enlisted men to take pictures of him.

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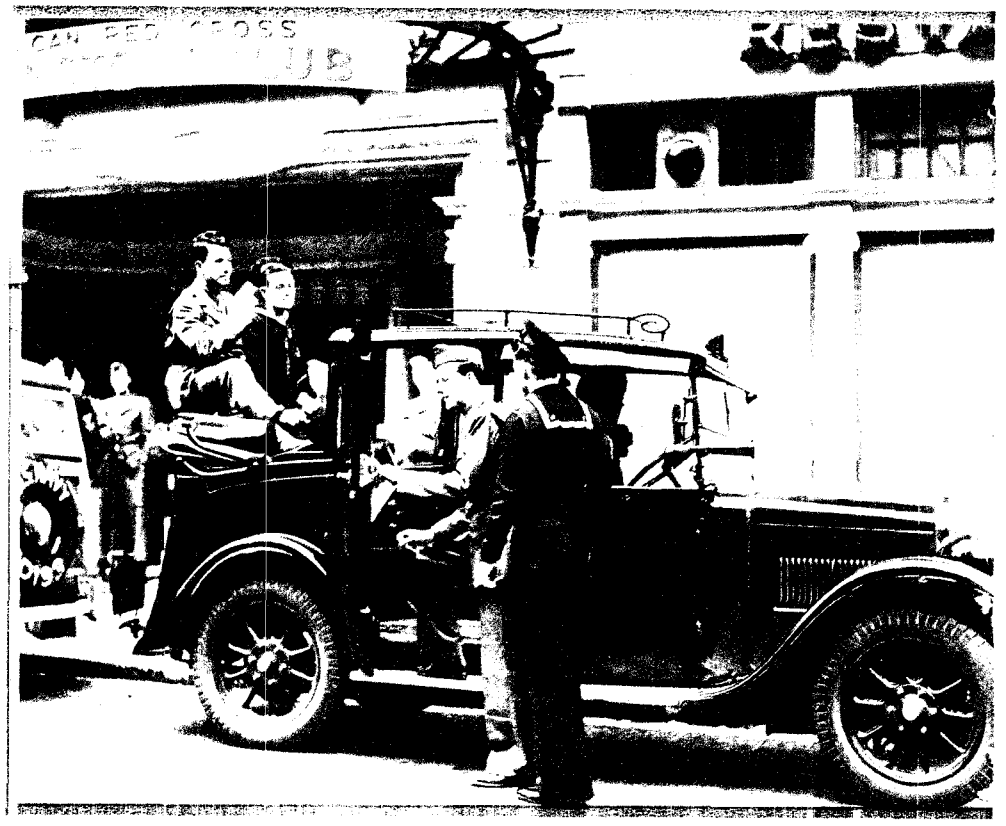
IN CARIBBEAN area, a machine gun squad of jungle fighters is on the alert during maneuvers that keep our men Down South in top shape.



IN ENGLAND, soldiers and sailors in London arrive at the American Red Cross Washington Club in what you might call style. Object: to have some fun.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM ROLLING BUTTS TO PANTHER SWEAT

AUSTRALIA

Silk Stocking Line Goes Over Big For Dogface Wolves Down Under

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—It's so good to get off a convoy that a man can be considered slightly giddy during his first couple of weeks here. He reverts to normal only by degrees. I am having a harder time getting back to normal than most, as everyone on my troopship was punchy, too. Our mess sergeant put up a little sign, regarding the hardboiled eggs we got for breakfast. "If you can't eat them," the sign read, "just put them in the bowl and we'll make egg salad." Things like that can unbalance a man.

Australian women, I am happy to report, are Yank-happy, and next to Yanks they like silk stockings which are as rare as days in June here. One enterprising corporal from Pittsburgh had the dolls nuts about him for awhile because, as he told them, he expected a shipment of stockings from home. This information was worth any number of moonlight strolls, until his female companions began to get wise. The corporal is now engaged in thinking up some new angles.

Australian diction is still giving trouble, as a sergeant I know reported the other day. He was sitting in a park with a bit of Down Under fluff. "How's yer cobbers?" she whispered in his ear. The sergeant thought for a minute. "They're O.K.," he said carefully. "How's yours?" Her cobbers, it turned out, were fine, too. When the sergeant learned later that cobbers means "pals," he realized that he hadn't done badly in the emergency.

A couple of BBC men from London were around recently, and gazed open-mouthed while an Arkansas doughboy rolled a cigarette. I have never seen Englishmen so astonished. Amazement gave way to attempts to emulate cigarette-rolling, and the BBC boys used up a whole bag of tobacco in their efforts. They succeeded in producing only flat, tobaccoless smokes. The Aussies, incidentally, have their own peculiar method of rolling their own. They place a small pinch of burley in the palm of one hand, cup the other over it, and roll their palms together. The next step is to put the tobacco in the paper; then both edges of the paper are pushed together, the ends are tapered, and the entire thing is thoroughly wet in the process of sealing. They lack the Arkansas finesse, but make up for it in enthusiasm.

The original Sad Sack Club, founded soon after the first Yank landing in Australia, is still going strong, and members are still picking up T.S. cards. Whenever someone pulls a boner—like the sergeant who asked his colonel over the phone if he were drunk—he puts a coin (anything from a haypenny to a shilling) in the tin Sad Sack Bank and receives a card. The Club's theme song is an Australian tune called "Bless 'Em All," one chorus of which runs:

There'll be no promotion
This side of the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads,
Bless 'em all.

One shavetail, given his silver bars, was given a beautiful, hand-painted discharge because he showed "symptoms of success." Oh, things are very informal here. Drop over and see us some time.

CPL. CLAUDE RAMSEY
YANK Field Correspondent

CHINA

China Is Like Arizona, But It's A Long Time Between Drinks

CHUNGKING—The great gripe among Yanks here is that Hollywood has played them false, as far as the Chinese go. China is *not* composed of eight parts dark nights and two parts opium dens, nor are the Chinese a sombre, not to say mysterious people. They're easygoing, and almost painfully cheerful at times; as far as being able to take it goes, they out-British the British. Chungking has been bombed silly in the past. Now, as the tables are being slowly turned, and the bombers are carrying their loads in the opposite direction, the Chinese are revealed to be an unbelievably gay people, as unconcerned with adversity as with the air around them.

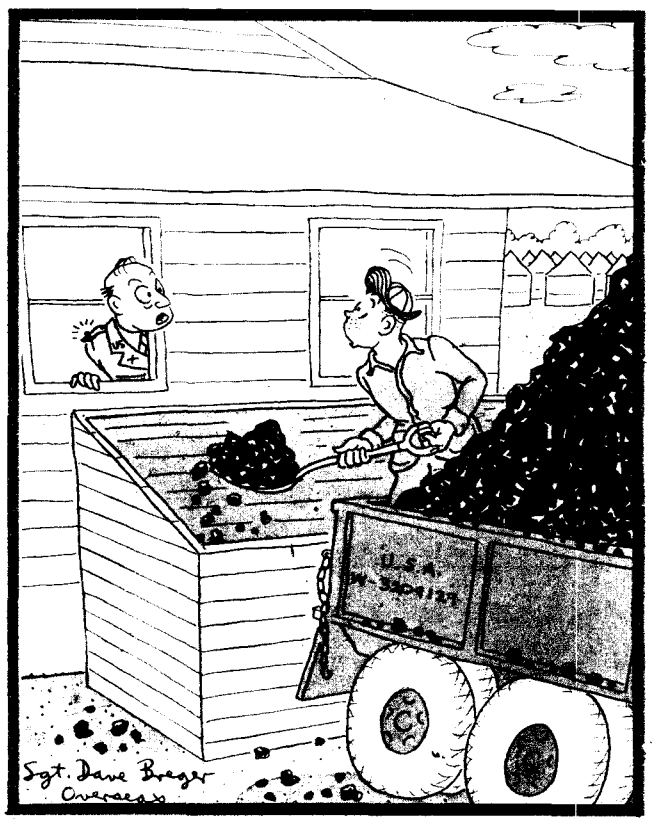
The Air Force personnel here have discovered that a good part of China looks like a good part of Arizona. The really fascinating thing about the country is the feeling of *age*. It's hard to describe, but even the dirt under your feet looks antique, and a branch cut two hours before manages, by some magic, to look to be two hundred years old.

The Chinese are, of course, very glad to see us, and sometimes children follow us around, making buzzing sounds with their mouths and spreading their arms like wings. Their performance is a rather pitiful commentary on what was, until lately, the Chinese sole defense against the Japs. But things are going to be a little different now.

Chinese money is maddening, and if an American soldier judged his needs in terms of the Chinese dollar he would have to drag down about $1,000 a month to break even with life. A pound of meat—any meat—costs $15 Chinese, vegetables average about $10 a pound, and a cake of laundry soap will set a clean-minded man back about $4.50. They used to have coffee shops here, where coffee cost $150 a pound, and a single cup added up to $8, not counting your burned windpipe. The government closed down the coffee shops, though, and for the most part Yanks drink water, which it is wise to boil first.

However, when all's said and done, $1 Chinese only comes to about 5¢ in American coin, so

G.I. Joe



"The Colonel requests you to drop it in quietly, piece by piece—he's about to take a nap."

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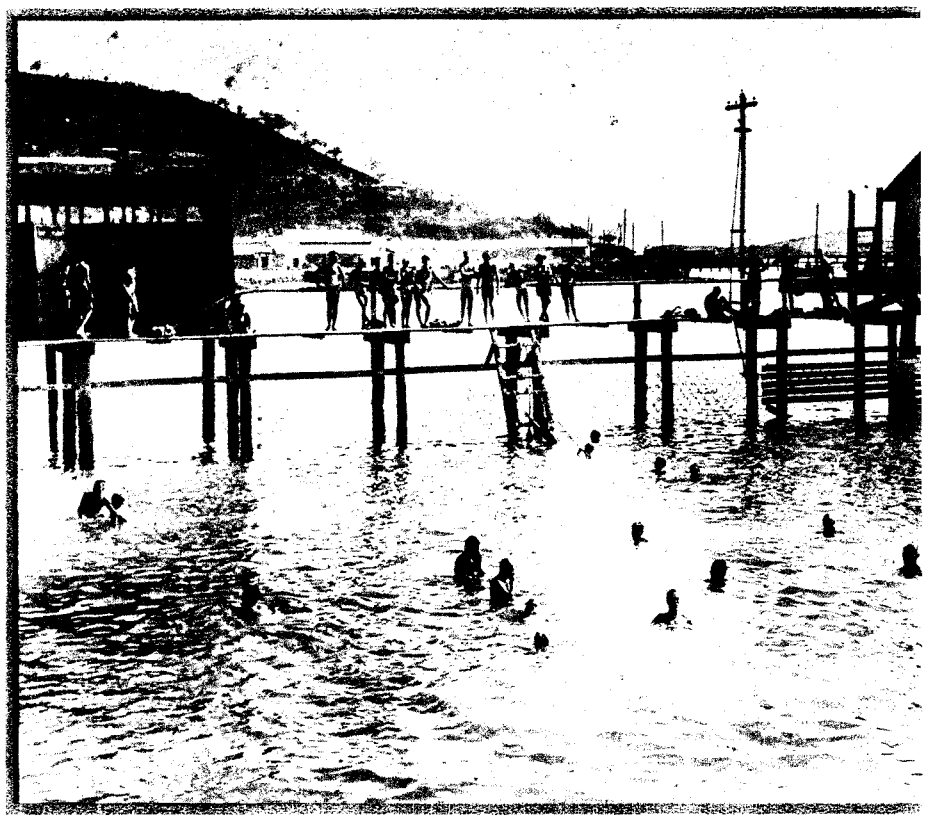
IN AUSTRALIA, soup's on and these lads seem to be enjoying their outdoor meal: Or could it be the conversation and not the contents of those messkits?



IN NEW GUINEA, these Yanks take time off from fighting the Jap to swim at Port Moresby. That wire fence is to keep sharks out.

things aren't so bad. It's the arithmetic that gets one down.

A thing that's really hard to get is liquor. The Army posts can serve you a nameless something that seems to be a cross between gin, vodka, and the sweat of a sparring panther, but it's no drink for a mere man. The Chinese haven't been drinking lately, at least around Chungking. The New Life Movement, which is really hot here, looks askance on tippling, and China was never noted for its drunkards, anyway.

They've been putting Air Force personnel up in hotels, which they've built especially for said purpose. One hotel, near Chungking, costs about $500,000 Chinese a month to run (this breaks down to about $25,000 in our money), not including the cost of the original construction of the place. Ice for the joint costs $70,000 Chinese a month, and the gas to get the ice from Chungking permits some filling station men or others to present a little monthly bill of $28,000 Chinese.

Each Air Force man pays $85 Chinese a month in the hotel, the sum including room, board, laundry, barber, and a number of other things. This figures out at about $4.25 Chinese a day, which isn't bad at all. If the Yanks could live on the food an average Chinese soldier eats, it would save a lot of money, for the normal Chinese dogface can get along on a couple of bowls of rice a day. This type of diet shouldn't happen to a dogface, Chinese or otherwise.

Gin, vodka and panther sweat—ugh!

From a YANK Field Correspondent

By Sgt. Dave Breger

"And leave that potato on! We're tired of you always puncturing these rubber boats."

ICELAND

Free Laundry And Latest Movies Make Cold Iceland Army Hot-Spot

ICELAND—It was just a year ago this week that the first AEF of the war staggered down the gangplank into the friendly mud of Iceland—knee-deep. It isn't quite true to say that it seems like just a day, as the days around here sometimes run for months. It seems like a year—and a solid, hard-working year at that.

When the first troops arrived there was nothing on what was laughingly called the reservation. The men coming off the first transport did not parade down the Icelandic streets with beautiful girls clinging to their full field packs. On the contrary, they dumped their barracks bags into the mud and marched right back to unload the boat.

During the next few months the Iceland AEF was its own WPA project. Huts were built in the wilderness, trees were transplanted, roads hewn. Time and the elements were enemies, and winter was a-comen in, but fast. When, in January, winter struck, the base was finished; but by the time winter had finished striking it had to be built all over again. Storms had knocked the blazes out of practically everything—uprooting huts, grounding power lines, and sending the chill private trembling to his stove.

Things are under control again today. The desolation was undesolated, and the troops are quite comfy now. All the conveniences of home, within reason, are available. The new huts have electric lights, and the theaters have all the latest movies. The most recent Tarzan picture, for instance, was previewed here two months before it hit New York.

During the winter the local female population thawed out, paradoxically. There aren't many girls in Iceland, but wooers and eye-casters make the most of the limited supply. There is a very nice standard of living, as the Army base stores are exempted from federal taxes. Tobacco, toilet articles, and candy are much cheaper than at home, and any soldier can stuff himself with glucose, chain-smoke, and wash his hands like mad with the assurance that he need spend little on these delights. It is a rare dogface who does not find himself with a pocketful of auer or kroner, which is the coin of the Icelandic realm.

The pay-off on Iceland, though, is that everyone gets free laundry and dry-cleaning. The local QM has opened a large plant just for that purpose, and everyone goes around looking rich and spotless. Things have reached such a pitch that some young gentlemen of the armed forces are going around complaining that they're being spoiled for civilian life.

FROM YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

First Family Allowance Check Goes To Brooklyn Pfc's 24 Year Old Wife

Those $22 parlays that get the folks back home $50, began paying off last week.

They blew pay call for dependent wives and families of soldiers on Sept. 1, and before the last note died, 12,000 checks were in the mail.

It took since June 24, when the law was passed, to get the payroll machinery in shape. But once the order came to start the checks flying, the finance boys began cooking with a blue flame. Checks covering allowances, retroactive to June 1, went to 36,000 dependents during the first three days.

Recipient of check No. 1, under the Service Men's Dependents Allowance Act, was surprised Mrs. Thelma Greer, a 24-year-old Brooklyn stenographer, whose husband, Matthew, is a Pfc. stationed in Washington. She received $150 and a note from Maj. Gen. H. K. Loughry, Chief of Finance.

"Dear Mrs. Greer," the General wrote. "You have the distinction of receiving the first family allowance check under the Service Men's Dependents Allowance Act of June 23, 1942.

"It is with gratification that check No. 1, dated Sept. 1, 1942, for $150 is enclosed."

Hereafter Mrs. Greer will receive $50 a month, until her husband becomes a first three grader. Allowances are available only to dependents of buck sergeants and under.

Checking applications for dependency payments has become a major industry in Washington. A new organization, known as the Allowance and Allotment Branch of the Adjutant General's Office, is handling about 10,000 a day in a temporary office constructed solely to house the new bureau.

In the first pay group are all applications processed up to Aug. 29. Estimates place this total around 72,000. Those processed during September will receive their first check shortly after Oct. 1, next pay day for the folks back home.

And here's a tip just in case you're thinking of taking on a dependent in the near future. The department finds that forms filled out by the dependents generally contain a snafu. On the other hand, you guys should sidle up to an expert when the going gets tough in the question department.

YANK'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

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Gals Behind the Guns

These girls know a Gen. Lee tank better than latest fashions.

A tempestuous 18 year old red head, who didn't want to type or take dictation, paved the way and now a new kind of gun moll is working for the Army in Maryland. She wears greasy dungarees instead of printed chiffon and she tests 105's, 155's and anti-aircraft and anti-tank cannons on the firing line instead of new recipes for chocolate creamed pie.

ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, Md.—The whole thing started with a roar in a remote corner of the Ordnance Department's employment offices here one pleasant sunny morning last April.

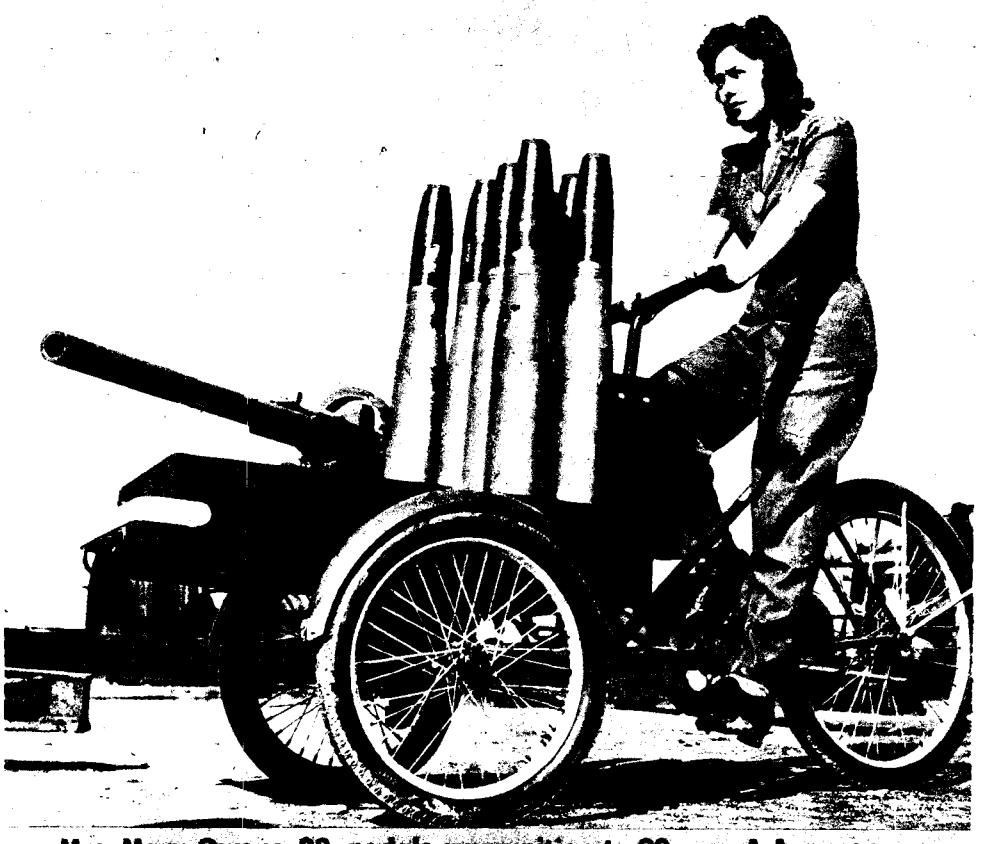
Roars don't usually attract much attention in the clash and clamor of the busy Aberdeen Proving Grounds, where the buildings tremble all day with the blasts of the 240's and 155's on the nearby experimental firing ranges. But this roar was different—a sort of a terrifying contralto, unmistakably feminine, something like that poet must have been trying to describe when he wrote about the fury of a woman scorned.

Finally, the employment director couldn't stand it any longer and came out of his office to see who was being torn to pieces and fed to the tigers. But he discovered that all the racket was coming from the determined lungs of a nice slim little red head who might have gotten lost on her way to high school. A mere slip of a girl, the home-loving type, but she didn't sound as though she was anxious to can some preserved peaches or sew together a patch-work quilt at the present moment.

"I'm free, white and 18," she yelled, shaking her finger at the baffled employment director. "And I can do a job any man can do. Back home in Oswego, New York, they wanted to make a secretary out of me but I want to work here instead."

"But we've got all the secretaries we need, Miss," the employment director said.

Feminine muscles remove tube from 37 mm. gun at Aberdeen.



Mrs. Mary Owens, 22, pedals ammunition to 90 mm. A.A. range.

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"But that's what I'm trying to tell you—I DON'T WANT TO BE A SECRETARY," the girl howled. "Look. I'm not the glamor girl type. I want to work with my hands. Drive a truck or a tank or shoot a gun."

It so happened that the Army was toying with the idea of experimenting on the personnel problem and putting women into men's jobs at the vast ordnance plant in Aberdeen. The Selective Service Act was taking their civilian specialists and other men had drifted on to Philadelphia and Baltimore, where the rapidly growing shipyards were offering skilled laborers Hollywood salaries.

And, so after her explosive interview, the red headed Arlene ("Just call me Mickey") Leppert from Oswego, N. Y., was given her chance. They didn't know what to do with her when she showed up in the shop where artillery gun mounts and field pieces are checked and repaired but it didn't take Mickey long to pick her spot. She noticed an idle crane. The operator had just been drafted.

"I'd like to run that," she told the foreman.

It sounded pretty screwy to the foreman but he thought things over and decided that, at least, it might keep her out from under people's feet. After three and a half hours instruction, the foreman gave her the job and after a few days the shop crew stopped looking startled when they heard a lady's voice calling commands from the crane's cab window as a gun mount or tube swung from its boom.

Mickey Paves the Way

Mickey's success on the crane opened the way for other women workers in almost every operation in the ground. Little girls like Hilda Hamilton, 98 pounds, and Ruth Jones, who tips the beam at 90, including high heels and a girdle, lug the tubes of 37's from their mounts to the rack where the bores will be checked after test firing. Mrs. Chloe Harrington, a 29-year-old mother, drives a light truck half filled with ammunition. Miss Lillie Morgan, a 23-year-old brunette, left a Newark, Del., beauty parlor to go to work on the 37 mm. range and Mrs. Ruby Barnett, a grandmother of 40, commutes every day from Delta, Pa., to fire machine guns and small arms.

Miss Helen Lindamood, 20, of Peach Bottom, Pa., (no remarks, please) never did a day's labor except housework for her father until she started firing M-1 rifles here and then there is Mrs. Elizabeth Jones of Havre de Grace. Mrs. Jones, a 200-pound husky, tosses 65-pound shells around as though they were papier mache. Her husband is a sailor in the merchant marine. "He's taking this stuff over," she says, and I aim to see there's enough of it to keep him busy."

Three women who specialize in loading and firing 105's, Mrs. Mary Fultz, Mrs. Velma Little and Miss Anita Bullock. Mrs. Fultz, whose picture you can see on our front cover this week giving a 50-calibre machine gun hell, is a mother of two children from Lansdowne, Pa.

There are as many reasons for these women working around the Proving Grounds as there are skirts in the shops and ranges. Mrs. Mary Owens, 22 and very nice, is a typical case. She came here when her husband was assigned to the training center after being drafted out of Rising Sun, Md. Many others are married to soldiers and civilian employees on the Post. Some just frankly admit that the War Department's $25 or $30 per week is good dough.

They Like the Night Life

Then some of the younger are fascinated by the atmosphere at Aberdeen, although they'd never admit it. Most of them come from small towns that are not much more than wide places in the road and this lively city, boomed overnight with soldiers and defense workers, presents a nightly carnival aspect. When they go out it's usually with a Proving Grounds soldier. They haunt the G.I. dances at the Post but the single girls are not looking for permanent romance, least of all, Mickey Leppert, the red-headed crane operator with the loud voice.

"What is your big ambition?" she was asked the other day. "What is your aim in life?"

"I want to own a motorcycle," she said.

"How about a husband?" she was asked.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "You can always get rid of a motorcycle."

Firing these sub-machine guns of [illegible] first job Miss [illegible]

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NEWS FROM HOME

PRESIDENT TALKS TO ARMY

Tells Men in Uniform People at Home Won't Let Them Down After This War Is Over

This week, as the summer drew to a close, a busy man in Washington, D. C., came away from his desk to talk over a world-wide hookup. It was a hot day in Washington; cool in Boston, hot in Chicago and Atlanta, cold in Seattle. Kids were taking a last swim before going back to school. The hay fever season was at its height. The country lay rich and green, awaiting autumn.

Ordinarily, people would have been too busy to listen to a radio speech, but this was different. This was President Roosevelt. He was addressing a session of the International Student Assembly and talking to the boys fighting for democracy all over the world. The people listened in. So did the Army.

"What I am saying here in Washington is being heard by several million American soldiers, sailors and marines, not only within the continental limits of the United States, but in far distant points—in Central and South America, in the islands of the Atlantic, in Britain and Ireland, on the coasts of Africa, in Egypt, in Iraq and Iran, in Russia, in India, in China, in Australia, in New Zealand, in many islands of the Pacific and on the seas of all the world. There—in all those places—are our fighting men."

The familiar voice was vigorous; it cut sharply through the turmoil of an American week. At the other end of the street, Congress was still holding the soldier vote bill after the Senate had retained the provision abolishing the poll tax requirements for men in the service. Next door, on the steps of the Treasury Building, another Hollywood bond drive had started with a dozen stars as salesmen. Hedy Lamarr sold $4,462,775 worth of bonds at a Philadelphia luncheon. A Middlewestern business man said that if Hedy bought a couple of thousand dollars worth of bonds herself, *he* would kiss *her*. It was a normal week.

"The better world for which you fight," the President said, "and for which some of you give your lives —will not come merely because we shall have won the war. It will not come because we wish very hard that it would come. It will be made possible only by bold vision, intelligent planning and hard work. It cannot be brought about overnight; but only by years of effort and perseverance and unfaltering faith."

The thing was basic. It was in the daily life, the day of work and eat and sleep. The President put it into words, but the people lived it. The scholars talked of ideals; the farmer talked of crops.

In upstate New York children and city people and workers from the South flocked to harvest a huge apple crop that was threatening to spoil. They worked all day and at night with floodlights, neighbor helping neighbor. They did the same with wheat throughout Oregon and Washington and Idaho, working hard and fast in the late summer sun, conscious that there was a long way to go.

"A busy man in Washington, D. C., came away from his desk to talk over a world-wide hookup."

The meaning of the President's words was plain to the puddler who helped Bethlehem Steel break the world's record for the production of pig iron this week. It made sense to the welder whose sweat and skill were part of the world's record the Richmond, Cal., plant of Henry J. Kaiser set up for building a Liberty Ship in 24 days.

The people back home knew what the President meant. They showed it by giving a real meaning last week to Labor Day. A giant magnesium plant started production, with an output 4 times as great as all that produced by this country in 1941. American shipyards pledged themselves to launching 3 new ships a day, after putting 68 new completed merchant ships into service last month. Even the Navy had its own special Labor Day celebration—on that one day they launched more than 150 new ships.

"There is still a handful of men and women," the President said, "in the United States and elsewhere, who mock and sneer at the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter. They are few in number; but some of them have the financial power to give our enemies the false impression that they have a large following among our citizenry. They play petty politics in a world crisis. They fiddle with many sour notes while civilization burns. These puny prophets decry our determination to implement our high concepts and sound principles. And the words of these little men of little faith are quoted with gleeful approval by the press and radio of our enemies."

The Bill of Rights protected most of the puny prophets, but those who stepped out of line were smacked down fast. The Post Office Department ordered the Boise Valley, Ida., Herald to show cause why its mailing privileges shouldn't be revoked for alleged publication of seditious stories. The Government planned immediate prosecution of west-coast members of the German-American Bund on charges that they were trained for espionage and sabotage by Berlin agents. Herbert Karl Friedrich Bahr, naturalized American citizen, caught 30 years in the clink as

People Back Home—

San Jose, Cal.—A thief stole the bridge at Alum Rock Park, hauling it away in a truck, leaving a picnic party stranded across the creek.

Washington, D. C.—The Weather Bureau has offered $1 per ounce for feminine, blonde, undyed hair at least 22 inches long, for use in weather instruments.

Cincinnati, O. — For ripping a United States flag from a standard while intoxicated, Elijah Applegate got 30 days in prison and a $150 fine from a judge who added: "I'm sorry this is the limit."

Los Angeles, Cal. — Mrs. Jack D. Hogg got a divorce from her cowboy husband on charges that he fed a $10 bill to his horse after they had an argument about finances.

La Salle, Ill. — Dave Malone sent his tallest corn stalk, 25 feet 3 inches, to Des Moines, Iowa, as an entrant in the national tall corn contest.

Cleveland, O. — After much searching for some $2,000,000 embezzled by the late Albert E. Atkinson, investment counselor, investigators discovered he had lost it all on the horses.

Lead, S. D. — Starting in a drug store basement, a $1,000,000 fire ruined an entire business block in two hours.

Washington, D. C. — The Social Security Board reported that of the 825,000 men over 65 now eligible for old-age insurance benefits under the Federal security program, 585,000 have deferred acceptance of the pensions to stay at their jobs for the duration. Most of the others are not physically able to work.

Los Angeles, Cal. — Until an impudent FBI agent disregarded their sign, "DEFENSE PLANT — KEEP OUT," two counterfeiters worked undisturbed.

Chicago, Ill.—Joe Sperl, 63, who has been arrested 46 times and has spent 30 years in prison since 1907, was in the clink again for purse-stealing.

Baltimore, Md. — Hearing an air raid alert over the radio, a diligent air raid warden tied up traffic for eight blocks, tried to herd 500 rebellious people into doorways and vestibules before he discovered he had been tuned in to a Washington radio station.

Washington, D. C.—The Office of Price Administration announced that distributors are permitted to add 50 cents a keg to the cost of cut nails distributed to peanut growers.

Seattle, Wash.—Police arrested for investigation a 52-year-old man who wore an Army uniform, technical sergeant's chevrons, nine hash marks, the insignia of a cavalry regiment, the insignia of the Alaska Defense Command, the Victory Medal

of the first World War, a British-American war relief emblem, Eagle's pin, service pin designating one son in the service, an enameled American flag set with bits of colored glass and a second class Boy Scout badge pinned upside down. He also carried a nickel-plated badge engraved with his name and the words: "Mineralogy, Geology, U. S. Army, National Defense."

Mechanicsburg, Pa. — The well-dressed Oriental hauled off a bus here by the FBI for questioning turned out to be Wellington Koo, Jr., son of the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain.

New York, N. Y. — Park Commissioner Robert Moses got full authority to tear down the Aquarium.

Louisville, Ky. — Two policemen, working under short wave radio directions from a doctor 27 miles away, successfully delivered a seven-pound boy.

Dayton, O.—Major Hal E. Roach, 50, who originated Our Gang comedies, married Miss Lucille Prin, 29, of Los Angeles.

New York, N. Y.—In 35 years Philip Harper shucked millions of oysters, always hoping the next would contain a pearl. It never did. So when two boys offered him some pearls, he bought them. He's under $25,000 bail charged with receiving stolen property.

Aurora, Ill. — When a mysterious red parachute carrying a mysterious box landed in a farmer's field, Kane County residents called police, who in turn called the sheriff, who notified the FBI. The FBI found weather instruments sent aloft by University of Chicago scientists.

New York, N. Y.—H. Ellsworth Bennett, the world's oldest newsboy, celebrated his 102nd birthday. He used to be a sergeant in the Union Army Medical Corps.

Washington, D. C.—Charging misrepresentation in advertising, the Federal Trade Commission com-

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a Nazi spy. The first Eastern arrest of a Jap enemy alien was made at Lake Placid, N. Y., when the F.B.I. caught a Jap who had come to this country for the 1932 Olympic games and remained for a little espionage.

"The old term, 'Western civilization,' no longer applies," the President said. "World events and the common needs of all humanity are joining the culture of Asia with the culture of Europe and of the Americas to form, for the first time, a real world civilization . . . a world in which men, women and children can live in freedom and in equity and, above all, without fear of the horrors of war. For no soldiers or sailors, in any of our forces today, would so willingly endure the rigors of battle if they thought that in another 20 years their own sons would be fighting still another war on distant deserts or in far-away jungles or skies."

The words were proud and spoken slowly, so everyone should hear. The Mexicans in Los Angeles heard them, and the Irish in Boston. They reached the Chinese in San Francisco and the Hunkies from the iron range of Minnesota, the Poles of Chicago, the Italians of Utica, the Slovaks of Pittsburgh. The people on Lenox Avenue and Peachtree Street listened to them alike; they reached the poor and the tinted, the rich and the stammering, the speakers of broken English. The people back home listened as their President spoke to the men overseas.

"You know why you are fighting. You know that the road which led you to the Solomon Islands, or to the Red Sea, or to the coast of France, is in fact an extension of Main Street, and that when you fight anywhere along that road, you are fighting in the defense of your own homes, your own free schools, your own churches, your own ideals."

Boston Light was being extinguished after 227 years because of the dimout. The 40 lions and tigers of animal trainer Clyde Beatty were eating horse meat because of the high cost of living.

"You are doing first things first—fighting to win this war. For you know that should the war be lost, all our plans for the peace to follow would be meaningless. Victory is essential; but victory is not enough for you—or for us. We must be sure that when you have won victory, you will not have to tell your children that you fought in vain—that you were betrayed. We must be sure that in your homes there will not be want—that in your schools only the living truth will be taught."

This week, the first checks went out under the new dependency allotment bill.

This week, production was high and getting higher; plenty of food and a good harvest; the people working day and night, sacrificing time off and vacations.

"This Government has accepted the responsibility for seeing to it that, wherever possible, work has been provided for those who were willing and able, but who could not find work. That responsibility will continue after the war. And when you come home, we do not propose to involve you, as last time, in a domestic economic mess of our own making."

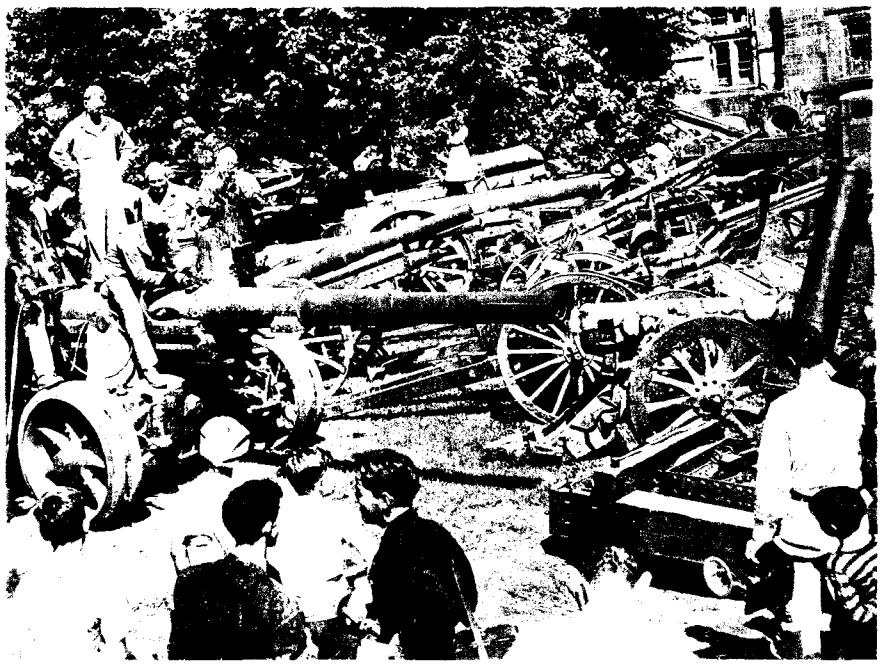
The people knew their responsibility.

"We here at home are supremely conscious of our obligations to you, now and in the future."

The people understood.

"We will not let you down."

Herbert Bahr (right) was sentenced to serve 30 years in prison as a Nazi spy.



Guns and other military equipment of World War I, formerly on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution, are converted into scrap at Washington, D. C.

Members of AWVS get a new war bond drive under way in New York by doing their worst to the occupants of the Bondmobile, which was to be pushed from the city to the brink—and over—Niagara Falls.

plained that Lucky Strike cigarettes are not toasted, that finger stains of persons using Pall Malls do not become lighter or disappear completely, etc. Similar charges were recently brought against manufacturers of Philip Morris, Camel and Dunhill cigarettes.

N. Plainfield, N. J.—Four selectees reported missing by Board 2 turned up—in the Army.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Only when his $30,000 estate was being settled did it come out that the late Louis L. Huot, an architect, had had two wives for 18 years. Said Wife No. 1: "He was kind, unassuming, quiet, considerate and a good provider." Said Wife No. 2: "He couldn't have been a better husband. I trusted Louis from here to Hades because he was the most wonderful man I ever met."

Detroit, Mich. — Henceforth Plum Hollow caddies will get an additional 25 cents for nine holes played in the rain, or 50 cents for anything between 10 and 18 holes played in inclement weather.

Columbia, S. C. — Revenuers who pounced upon a still near Barnwell found it deserted, this weather-beaten sign nailed to a tree: "Due to the sugar shortage, this still is for rent for the duration of the war; we're heading for the Army."

Milwaukee, Wis.—16-year-old Darlene Johnson opened a small package and discovered a dead pigeon's head, a penciled note that threatened: "This is what you're going to get, you little moron." Making elementary deductions, police turned a 17-year-old girl over to juvenile authorities—both girls had been going with the same soldier.

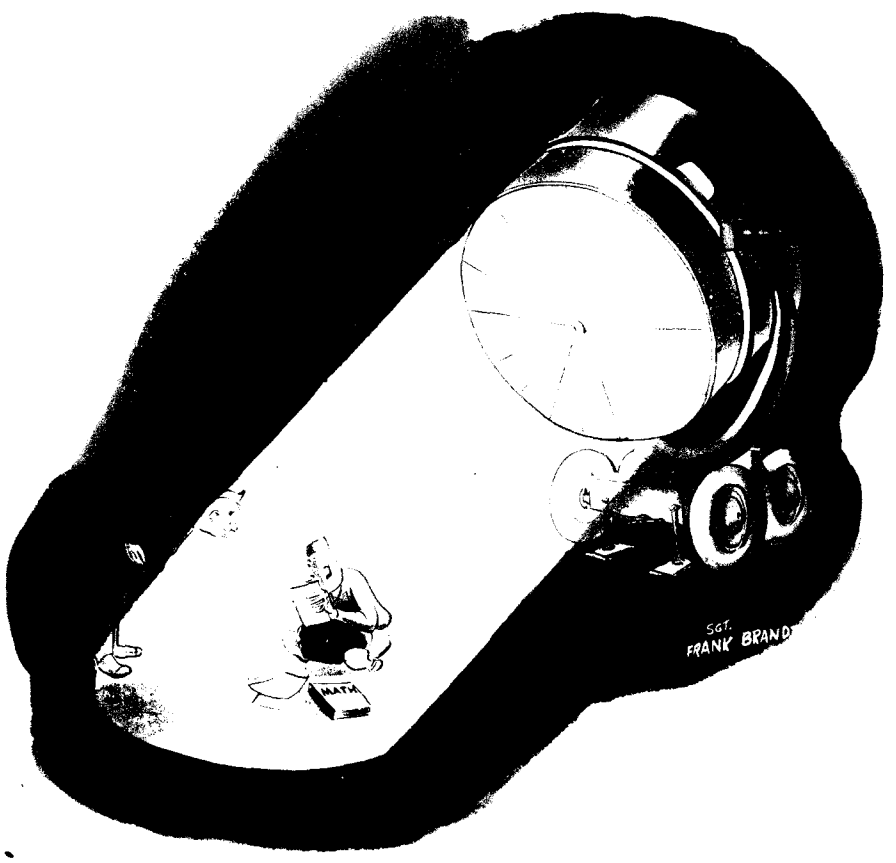
Memphis, Tenn.—Air instructor John Landstreet will be all right after he rests his temporarily paralyzed eye a few days. Landstreet stuck his head out of the plane to see if traffic was clear before landing; a raindrop almost knocked his eye out.

Fulton, N. Y.—A bookie asked Civilian Protection Officials for a full schedule of prospective blackouts, explaining that he took bets on the day, hour and even minute when maneuvers would begin.

Walla Walla, Wash.—Prowler cars are now equipped with brooms and dust pans, and police have been ordered to sweep up broken glass in the streets to save tires.

Fort Sill, Okla. — Sgt. Russell L. Franklin, reception center interviewer, took one look at the rookie standing before him and began writing down the answers without asking any questions. The rookie was his father.

Rahway, N. J.—James Russell Lowell, 43, of the Social Register and Wall Street, and great-grandson of the poet, has a $75-a-week job in a war chemicals plant.



"Still burning the midnight oil, eh, Aubrey?"

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PATROL. Nope, he's not in the cavalry. He's a Coast Guardsman of the newly-organized horse patrol, covering his beat along a beach on our Atlantic seaboard. Coast Guard is on the job night and day.

A Yank in Australia

GOING, GOING . . . A soldier with ambitions to be a Under. The patient is viewing the has quite the professional air. Pipe the brush sticking in the hip p

DESTROYER. Sgt. Kenneth Elder hails from a crack tank destroyer unit at Camp Robinson, Ark.

CHOICE. Jennie A. Milewski of Whitman, Mass., was chosen Miss Camp Edwards in beauty contest held by troops of the Eastern camp.

PRIVATE LAUNDRY. In a jungle bomber cre clothes hang on their bomber in the rear. The

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Cheerfully Scalped

ner goes to work on a most willing subject in an American camp Down t in a dishpan and seems not at all displeased. The artist with the scissors . At any rate, a good time is being had by all, including the kibitzers.

AUTOGRAPH. "I'm saving the sandwich for posterity," said Dick Spencer, Philadelphia shipfitter, after this scene. Hedy Lamarr, on war bond sale tour, had accepted his invitation to a bite of it

ng on a South Pacific island, two members of a U. S. ng out their laundry over a fuel can washtub. Clean y natives are slightly disinterested in the proceedings.

NO RUBBER. Actress Grace McDonald uses a coin twisted in her stocking instead of a garter—and banks a war bond there, too.

NO. 1. First Dependents Allowance Act check goes to Mrs. Thelma M. Greer, 24, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

DEAR SGT. ROOT:

(In Re: "White Lies," YANK, July 22, 1942)

—•—

We took that trip through Port of Spain—
Admit it was a peach,
But have you been to You-Know-Where
Where the girls live on the beach?
These lovely maidens' skins are white—
As white as white can be—
As white as blackout in the night—
As white as ebony.
But they are lovers of the sun,
And spend their idle hours
Roasting like a hot-cross bun
Out in the sandy bowers.
This turns them to a well-done brown
That verges on the black.
It colors them from golden crown
Down to their lowest back.
The soldier here's not color blind—
No more than he is wealthy.
The major problem on his mind
Is "Why are the girls so healthy?"

L'ENVOI

He likes the whisky, likes the beer,
He likes the tropic atmosphere,
But there's a constant growing fear,
"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Capt. Victor Strauss,
Caribbean Area

THE LAWS OF THE SERVICE

Now these are the Laws of the Service
And ever she maketh it plain
That sergeant's or acting-jack's chevrons
Are difficult things to maintain.

Alcohol serves in the compass;
Without it the needle would cleave.
But it spinneth the head of the soldier
And washes the stripes from his sleeve.

Give heed to the voice of thy sergeant,
But keep thee thine own wisdom mute,
Lest he figures thee out as a wise-guy
And runneth thee up for a shoot.

Ye will find in the tome writ by Webster
That "can't" meaneth one "cannot do."
But "cant" on the tongue of a trooper
Meanth rifles are slanting askew.

Boast not of thy former employment
With its income of ninety per week.
If thou shoot off thy face in this fashion,
'Twere better thou never did speak.

Dost thou spend of thy pay before payday,
Let thy head, not thy pockets, revive.
Seek not of the twenty-percenter
Who will lend thee four dollars for five.

Do they give thee a task disconcerting,
With the crumbs of defeat on thy plate,
Remember that thirteen is often
Slapped right in the face with an eight.

Keep furbished thy gear and thy brightwork;
Look well to the tools of thy trade,
Lest the rust of neglect be discovered
In thy rifle at sunset parade.

Remember the one tainted apple,
Forget not the chain's weakest link.
Be neither the one nor the other,
Else repent of thy sins in the clink.

Hark well to these Laws of the Service,
Graved deep by the saber of Mars;
Conform to the mandates thus blazoned
And rise to thy place in the stars.

Gunner Frank H. Rentfrow,
Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

In "News from Home" in your September 2 issue was an unbelievable article. Miss Marilyn Sable claimed that she "couldn't get a soldier date to kiss her."

After looking at her photograph I think she must have worn a G.I. gas mask and swung a mean bayonet, or she didn't try the right part of the army.

Up here if a young lady with Miss Sable's qualifications were to even hint of such a desire she would be overwhelmed. I, or any other member of the Battery, would gladly uphold the honor of the service by attempting to satisfy any wish of Miss Sable.

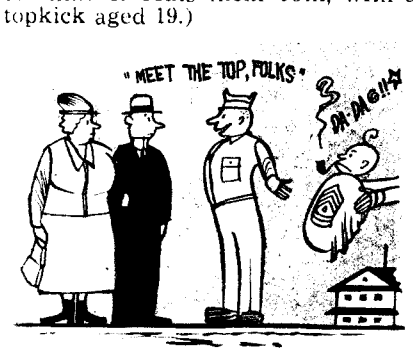
PFC. LEW DODGE
Fort Getty, R. I.

DEAR YANK:

I read in your G.I. column of August 26 about the youngest topkick in the army, aged twenty. Our first sergeant, Howard H. Harris of Longview, Texas, is also twenty, born March 25. How does this compare with your calculations?

CPL. HARRY A. SPECKMAN
58th School Squadron
Columbus Flying School,
Mississippi

(Did you see our last week's G.I. column? It beats them both, with a topkick aged 19.)



DEAR YANK:

I wonder if you could get this part in your "Across the Seas" column to my cousin Jerome Stamer, Signal Corps, somewhere over there: "Please write to my folks and send them a forwarding address. I am a bombardier now, if things go well I'll be over there with you pretty soon. Save some for me." I haven't heard from my cousin since he went over, and I would like to contact him.

AV C JEROME J. STAMER
Ellington Field

DEAR YANK:

I assume that officers as well as enlisted men may subscribe to the "Yank." I read the last few numbers and enjoyed them thoroughly. The paper has plenty of fight and punch, a delightful sense of humor, good coverage of national and foreign news, and a profound understanding of our military mission. These are qualities of our American troops and are our guarantee of victory.

LOUIS KROLL
Camp Upton

Sure, YANK will take officers' money. And Navy and Marine money, too. We're all on the same team.

DEAR YANK:

Just finished reading the latest issue of *our* magazine. I thoroughly enjoyed everything in it including the poems.

CPL. TYRHS R. MILEY
Alaska

Why not send us a poem of your own, Corporal?

DEAR YANK:

I have been trying to locate a friend for about a year, and think he may be in the army by this time.

Bill Anderson, if you read this drop me a line.

CPL. ROBERT J. IRION
Hq. Dets. D.E.M.L., A.P.O. 935
Seattle, Washington

DEAR YANK:

After reading the latest about McTurk, I can see that he is a perfect gentleman. Soon I expect him to give credit to those classy frills, and let us know that the fame of the Alexandria USO derives largely from them and their friends.

You tell McTurk the badge of a fine gentleman is not worn on his forehead, and I want him to straighten this matter out so that all the world can see that he is a credit to Staten Island.

ex S/SGT. L. McL.
Camp Gruber, Oklahoma

DEAR YANK:

Why do people complain and crab about army life? I'll tell you why. I volunteered and was placed in the Medical Corps (the heaven for conscientious objectors).

As as American who is willing to serve his country at any cost I resent taking orders from "conscientious objectors" who seem to find it pretty easy to get high ratings.

PVT. STEVE BAYUR
Fort Jackson, S. C.

DEAR YANK:

After reading the first issue, I can truthfully say that I was not in the least disappointed. To those of us overseas, it will be a continued source of reading pleasure, and we only hope the issues will arrive fast and frequent.

T/SGT. KEN HARRIS
India

Words Across the Sea

Tech.—4 Dale F. Ramsey comes from Long Beach, California, and wants to say hello to a hometown friend. The friend is Pvt. Glen Bond, with an Engineer outfit in Ireland. "I'm hoping for a furlough that will give me time to get back to Long Beach," he tells Pvt. Bond. "If I get it and when I get there, I'll be sure to look up all your old gang. In the meantime, why not write a guy some news?"

"Yanchie" Horvath is a merchant seaman whose experience includes Nazi planes diving over his ship. He wants to send a message to three friends who grew up with him in Bethlehem, Pa. Arthur Raven, Sigmund Crucei and Harry Hydusick were all privates when last heard of. Whatever they are now and wherever they are, "Yanchie" says, "Keep up the good work. I'm doing my share keeping 'em sailing with supplies that'll help you do your job."

Cpl. Arthur Tanenbaum is from Brooklyn. The Army took him all the way to Blithe, California, but not too far to forget two Brooklyn mates, Pvt. Sam Alperin who's in India and Pvt. Mickey Soffer who's pill pushing with the Medics in Hawaii. "Hello, Sam and Mickey," Cpl. T. says. "Keep hittin' in there like the good old Brooklyn Dodgers." Which is a worthy fighting slogan.

Sgt. Tony Kokoszka is from Webster, Mass., so he fits naturally into the 26th or Yankee Division. To an old friend, Pfc. Edward Naperatter, who used to soldier with him in the 26th, Tony sends his greetings. Ed's supposed to be somewhere in Australia. "How's the jitterbugs down there, Eddy?" he asks. "Cuttin' as many rugs as you used to in the States?"

Pvt. Leo Cohen is on leave from the Station Hospital at Fort Hamilton and that is why he isn't worried about inspection and has allowed his whiskers to go their merry way. Leo recently got a birthday present from his brother, Sgt. Fred Cohen, Medical Corps, Puerto Rico. To Fred he sends thanks and adds, "Oh, yes, the family's in good health. We all wish you luck. Maybe I'll be seeing you."

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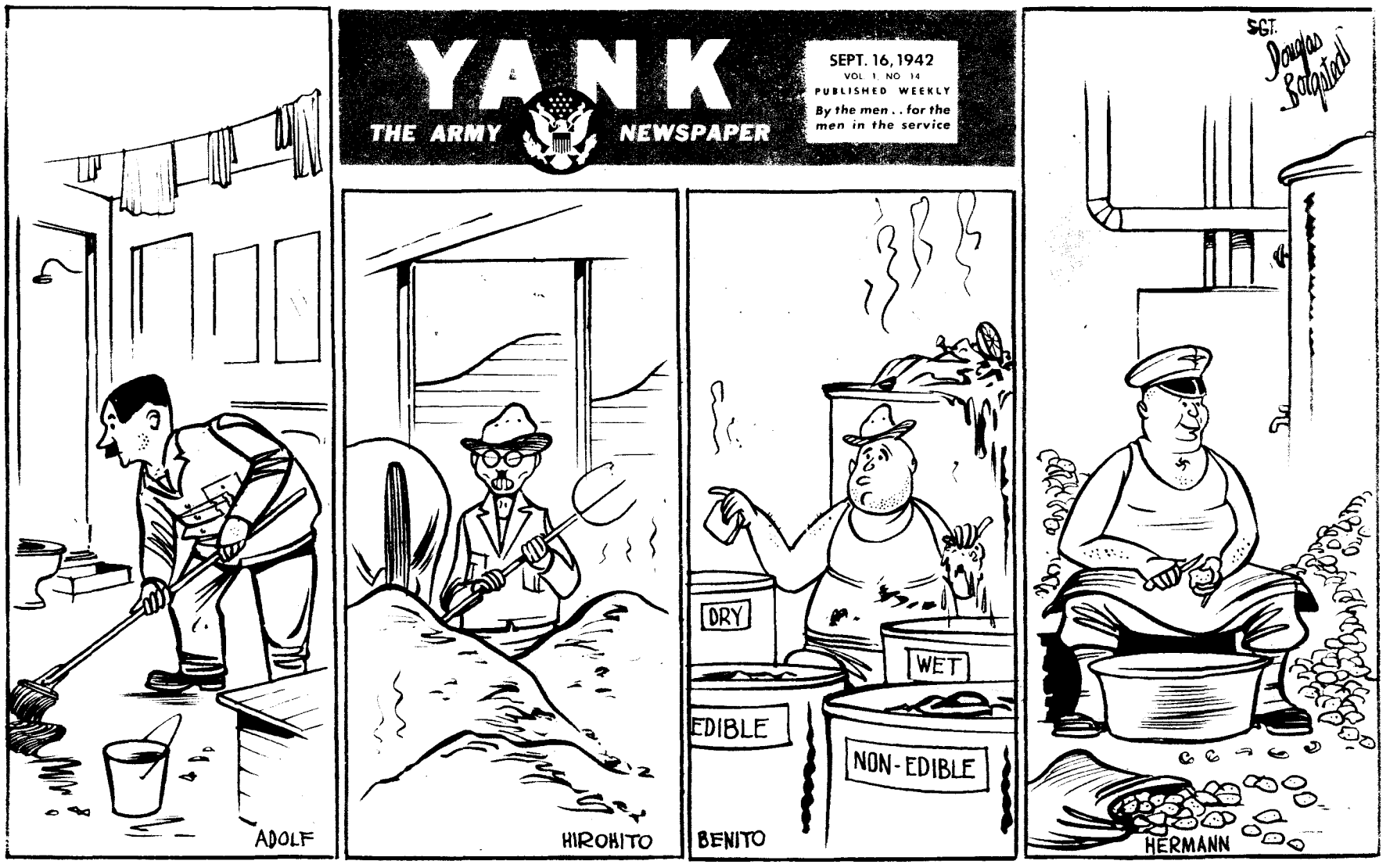

(YANK's employment bureau will gladly place free of charge the above gentlemen in these jobs)

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Well, Make Up Your Mind

After the Coral Sea fight, Jap propagandists claimed the U. S. had been "reduced to a fourth rate naval power."

After the first Solomons Islands battle they claimed we were "reduced to a third rate naval power."

After the second Solomons it went like this: "From the strategic point of view our forces have completely crushed the hopes of the enemy."

Now Captain Hideo Hiraide, naval spokesman, comes up with: "The enemy could not be completely annihilated," and warned the folks back home to "expect attack from a superior force."

It Was in the Bag

The Soviet News Agency reports that the 342nd German Infantry Division on the Moscow front fled with such haste that its commander, General Hanns Rott, abandoned a bag containing his uniform, decorations, and underwear.

Justice, Made to Order

Dr. Otto Thierack, new Nazi Minister of Justice, has formally announced the new German conception of justice. "Every judge is at liberty to call on me in case he thinks that a law compels him to render a judgment not compatible with real life," says Dr. Thierack. "In such an emergency it will be my task to provide him with the law he needs."

Mussolini Is No Menace

"Adolph Hitler would make a good screen villain," says Max Factor, Jr., Hollywood makeup specialist. "His eyes reflect evil to a degree which cannot be duplicated either by tricks of acting or makeup. Hitler could out-Karloff Karloff. This is because Boris is really a kindly fellow with no evil in his eyes."

The same, however, does not go for Musso. "Mussolini would be of little value to the screen industry," Factor says, sadly. "He could only be cast as the menace in a low-budget Western."

You See?

Field Marshal Wilhelm Siegmund List, Nazi commander in chief in the Balkans, wrote Hitler complaining about the conduct of the war and warning against another winter campaign in Russia, according to Rome radio.

Now, according to Rome, Col. Gen. Alexander Loché is Nazi commander in chief in the Balkans.

That Explains It

In the Solomons fight, 700 Japs tried a raid and 670 were killed. Another bunch of 93 were wiped out to the last man. In neither case were wounded reported. They were either dead or captured, and mostly dead.

Finally, a Jap marine who surrendered, made this statement:

"I am not personally ashamed of my actions, but according to the naval code of Japan I am listed as dead and my return would disgrace my family. I have two brothers in the navy and two in the army and I have disgraced them. If I had had a gun I never would have been taken alive."

Finnish Finish

Finland is finally facing a winter of starvation after 2 years of fighting alongside of Hitler. A typical Helsinki meal consists of a small dish of herring, a small black potato, a small piece of carrot or cabbage, and a small piece of meat—if you're lucky.

The bill for this banquet comes to $2.

Big Hearted Benito

Benito Mussolini is a misunderstood philanthropist, according to the Rome radio. It has been complaining that "Americans are not aware of the daily acts of charity performed by the Italian soldiers in Greece."

Give Goering the Works

According to the Swiss weekly, Die Nation, the largest industrial organization in Europe today is the Hermann Goering Works. This corporation is capitalized at 4 billion marks and employs over 1 million workers, voluntary and involuntary. Its practice is to follow the German armies and its purpose is to consolidate captured industries and dish out the dough to the right places.

In America, the Hermann Goering works is what will be dished out to Hermann when the United Nations catch up to him.

Right-o!

The British Admiralty sent out requests for photographs and information on enemy territory which British travelers might have picked up on their journeys.

The Admiralty received 60,000 replies.

Bored, So They Retreat

Alibi Tojo has come out with another famous explanation, this time of the Japs' current retreat on the Chekiang battle front before an aroused Chinese army.

"We are securing a more militarily advantageous position in readiness for future action," he reported. "And anyhow enemy activity is very dull."

Now What?

Hitler and Mussolini are scheduled to hold another of their get-togethers in the near future, says a foreign source reported from London.

"Il Duce has some complaints to make," the source added.

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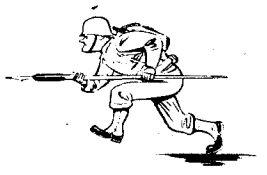

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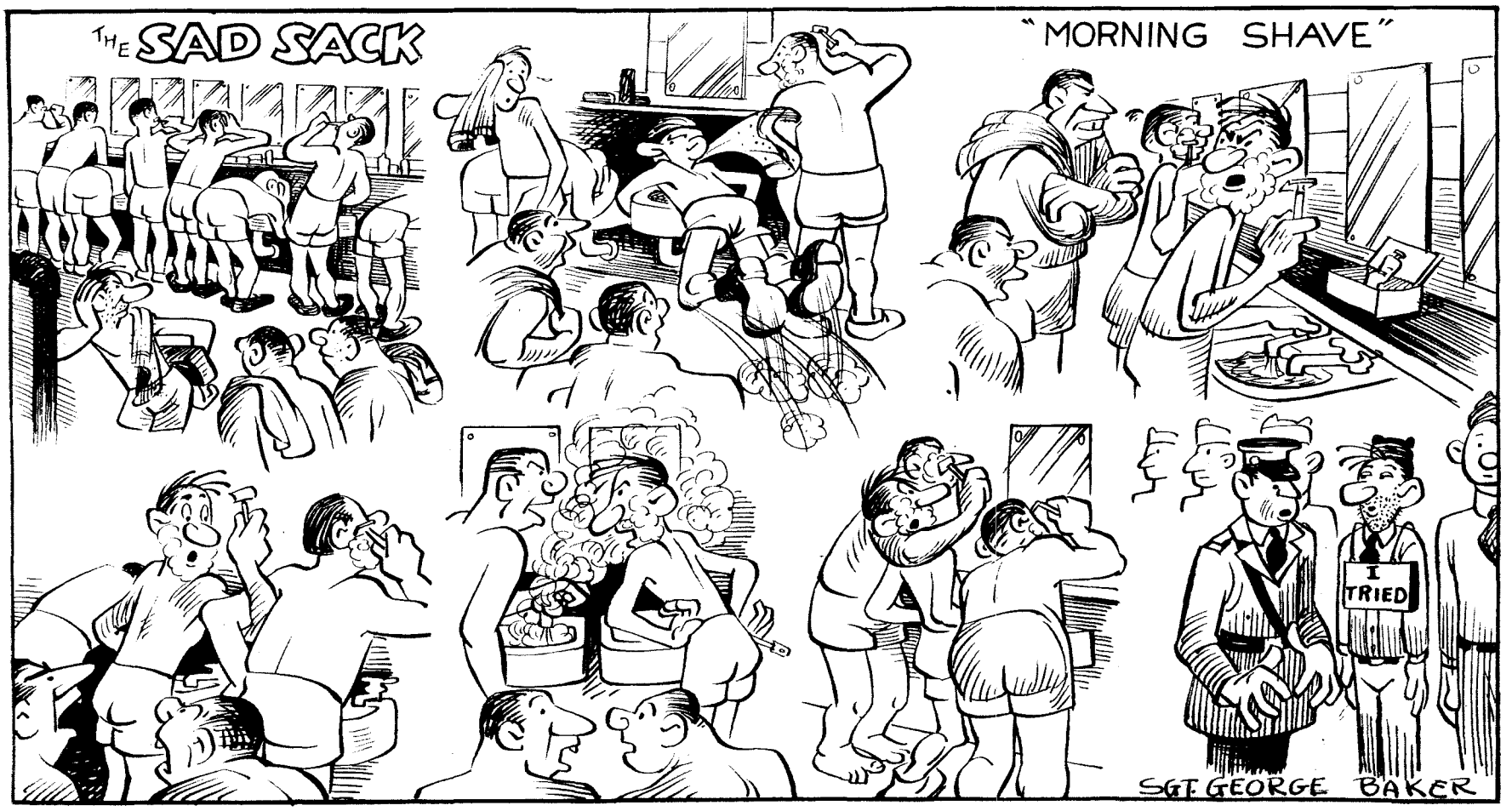


BETWEEN the LINES

Homeless on the Range

Nobody believed me when I wore my Expert Rifleman badge. My three-inch-thick glasses and my general air of incompetence sold me short. But here is how it happened.

The Tuesday we went out on the range I was a sorry sight. That is to say I looked like myself. I was recovering from a very bad case of three-day pass and every twitching

nerve in my body gave evidence that I had a fine time in Punxatawney.

We marched four miles to the range.

By the time we hit the range the first sergeant was carrying me on his back and promising me that I would do nothing but score. This seemed like a good idea to me, but not to The Old Man. "Every man in the Company shoots," he said. The first sergeant dropped me and I made my way to the firing line.

The first firing position was prone and that fitted me like a glove. I lay down and let my coach stuff a clip into my trusty (not to mention rusty) M-1. I pulled the trigger at intervals, jerking, not squeezing, and watched the dust rise in pathetic bursts between me and the target. But nobody waved the red flag.

The second position was kneeling and I just made it. My shooting was a repetition of the first movement. And, not changing for the better, I went through standing and two attempts at rapid fire. The rapid fire was very noisy and raised more dust than any of the others.

Two sergeants picked me up and carried me back to my scorer. "How'm I doin'?" I asked carelessly.

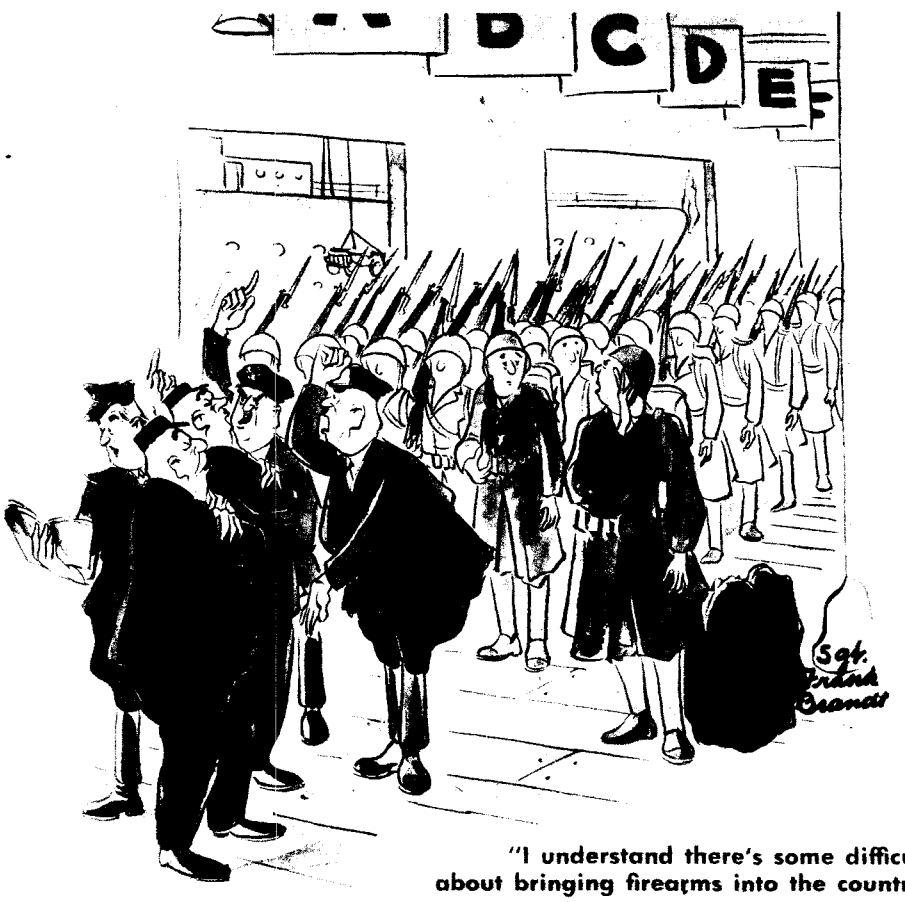
"Expert," he replied.

It was then I noticed that The Old Man, Capt. James Willoughby Herrington, had been firing in the position next to me.

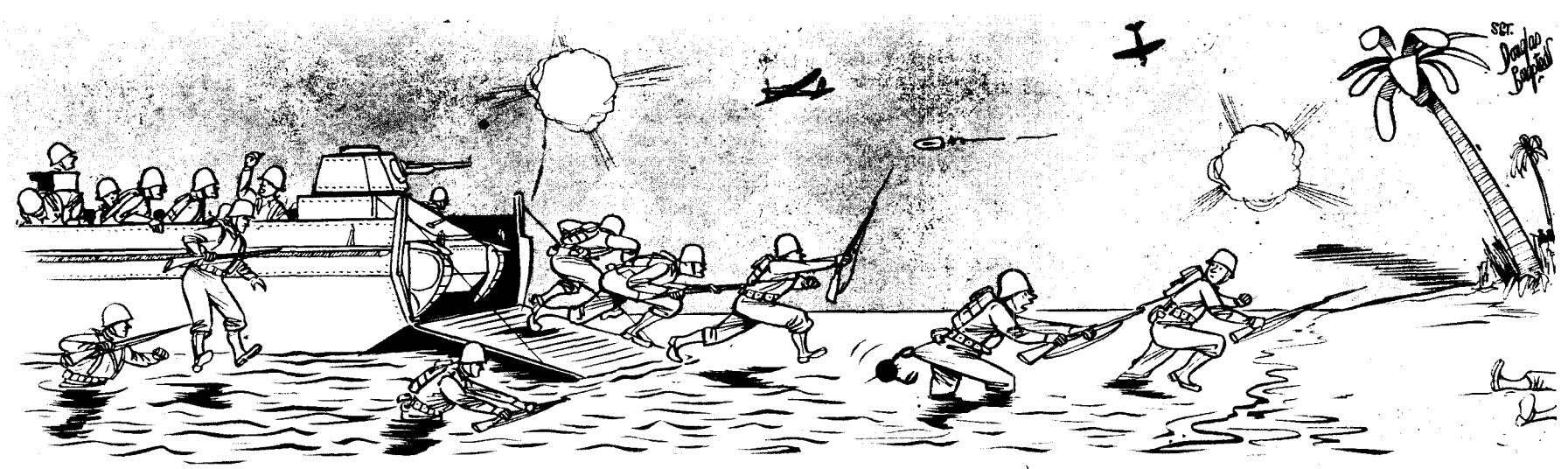
It was an easy thing to make a mistake and switch targets. Even for The Old Man.

I am an Expert Rifleman.

PVT. AL HINE



"I understand there's some difficulty about bringing firearms into the country."



"The hell with the enemy—look out for these crabs!"

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Hot Saturday
OVER THE
Solomons

All the fighting in the Solomons wasn't done by fleet units and ground forces. Once the islands were taken the Japs sent over bombers in the hope of ousting the Yanks. Marine pilots had a lot to do, and sometimes they had a hot time doing it. This is what happened to a Marine fighter pilot on Saturday, August 8, 1942, a beautiful day above Guadalcanal, though a very noisy one . . .

They ran into the Japanese bombers at 12,000 feet. There were 27 of them, two-motored jobs, out to get the warships that lay off Guadalcanal. Lt. James J. Southerland, leading a flight of Marine fighters, saw them coming out of the sun, in three divisions of nine each, their wings gleaming in the air.

"Too many of 'em," Southerland said over the radio. "Time's short. Make three attacks on one run."

The Marine flight went screaming down on its target. Southerland let go at the first division, then cut in on the second. He went up under one plane, and as he did he saw the bomb bay explode. He fired at a plane in the third division, and smoke began to stream from one of its motors. As he pulled away he noticed that his baggage compartment was itself filled with smoke. "Been hit," he said aloud.

Four Zeros had come up behind him. They had been high up, riding hard on the bombers, waiting for just this opportunity. Southerland saw them too late. He looked around, and there they were—weaving through the sky, letting him have it, one at a time.

They Even Smashed His Goggles

Southerland crouched low in his seat and tried to watch behind him. He could tell when a Jap was going to open fire by the way he jockeyed his Zero, and by turning when the moment came he avoided getting full bursts. But the Japs were slugging them in, just the same. Southerland took a wound in his left arm, another in his right foot, and another in his right leg. His eyebrow was grazed and his goggles shot off. He had pieces of shrapnel in his leg and the back of his head.

When Southerland crossed over the northeastern end of Guadalcanal, at 4,000 feet, his plane resembled a sieve. The instrument panel was shot out; the whole upper surface of the left wing was torn away. And then the plane caught fire.

Flames came up into the cockpit. Southerland's wrists began to blister. It was time, he decided, to go away from there. Behind him the Zeros waited. He started to climb out of the cockpit, shielding his face from the wind-fanned tongues of flame, only to discover that something was holding him back. It was his pistol. Fastened in a holster on his belt, it had caught in the torn fuselage.

Southerland doesn't know how he did it, but he ripped the heavy web belt apart with his bare, burned hands. When he went over the side he was only 300 feet above the ground.

His ripcord came away in his hand. "My God," he thought, "the chute isn't going to open."

This Sock Came In Handy

He fumbled clumsily with the cord. Then, at 200 feet, his shoulders were jerked back convulsively and a great white billow of silk spread over his head. The Japs still circled above him. He spilled the air out of the chute to hasten his fall. He expected the Japs to strafe him. They didn't. He came down fast, and just before he hit the ground he saw his plane go into a wing-over and crash. The Japs still circled, like vultures. He crawled into the jungle to hide.

He had lost a good deal of blood. His right leg was the worst, with a great hole in it. There was no bandage, so he took off his sock and stuffed it into the wound. It was a clean sock; he had washed it himself the night before. Then he tied his shoe very tight to stop the bleeding.

Resting only a few minutes, Southerland took

off on foot through the jungle. He was weak; the jungle was thick and tough. Vines caught him and roots tripped him. He didn't know where he was going. Several times he fell. It became harder each time to get up again.

After two hours he reached a clearing and saw a Jap flag in the distance. There was no turning back, so he ripped a branch from a tree and limped toward the flag. There was no one home; the Japs had taken off. He searched the camp for food or bandages and found an old searchlight with batteries. He took out the reflector to use as a semaphore. The sun was still high, so he rested and signalled with the reflector.

Opens Cocoanuts With Bare Hands

All afternoon he sat with his back against a tree, desperately trying to attract help. Once a plane saw the flash and came down and waggled its wings. Southerland waited all night, not daring to sleep, but no help came. The next morning he started out again.

During the night he had washed out his wounds with salt water, but the right leg was a dead weight. He went on painfully, slower and slower. He found a native canoe, cut a palm frond for a paddle and started off, but the canoe was rotten. It took in water faster than he could bail it out with his shoe. He beached it and continued on foot—*one* foot.

He had not eaten for more than a day. About noon he found a cocoanut and broke it open with his hands, with the same desperate strength he had used to rip his web belt. Later he stumbled on a clear stream and fell on his face before it, drinking and plunging his head into the cool water. Then he found oranges and ate them. His wounds were no better, although most of the bleeding had stopped. The wounds were crusted and stiff and painful. He had blisters on his hands from the burns.

He was almost gone when two natives saw him. He was staggering from tree to tree then, head up, fighting to keep his body on the move. The natives came forward to help. Through a mist he heard them say they were Catholics. He was too weak to do anything but smile.

He Gets Chicken A La Solomon

They took him to a native village, where they washed his wounds and got him clean clothes. They gave him a little food and the next day cooked him a chicken and some hard-boiled eggs.

As soon as he was able to talk Southerland tried to get the natives to take him back to camp, but the sound of gunfire frightened them. Later he saw an American ship touch the beach several miles away. He begged the natives to take him to the boat, assuring them that the American ship wouldn't be there if the battle weren't won. He was too weak to argue much; he could only point and repeat a few words.

At last the natives put him in a canoe and paddled toward the ship. On the way they passed another Jap camp, where the flags were flying although the Japs had fled. The flimsy canoe finally landed where some Marines, dirty and battle-stained, were dug in. The Marines carried Southerland back to a field hospital.

He still had the sock he had stuffed in his leg.

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STRICTLY G.I.

Officers in Atlantic City are in a sad state—they can't take their wives dancing in night clubs without feeling they're in a zoo. It seems the enlisted men have devised a neat little scheme for keeping the night spots to themselves, and so far it's working out fine. Whenever an officer and his girl start to dance, all the enlisted men simply quit the floor. This leaves the officer feeling very conspicuous, and he soon stops dancing and goes home.

Wanna Certificate?

Soldiers who successfully complete one of the Army's new correspondence courses can now get a Certificate of Proficiency. This states that the enrollee has demonstrated proficiency in whatever course he has taken. The thing comes in a letter to the C.O. who makes the presentation, probably before the whole company at inspection arms. Conceivably the Certificate may be exchanged for high school or college credit or else merely used to impress the first sergeant.

Novelette With Happy Ending

Pvt. George W. Koch and Pvt. Frank J. Koch are brothers. Not only are they brothers; they are twins. For 22 years they have never been out of each other's sight, except for practical reasons. As children they wore identical sailor suits. They went to the same high school and worked for the same concern in Linden, N. J. Together they formed a potent battery in the local softball league. Frank J. pitched; George W. caught.

Three weeks ago they were drafted. Not only were they drafted; for the first time in their life they were separated. George W. was sent to Camp Gruber; Frank J. went to Camp Stewart, 1,000 miles away. They were both disconsolate. They moped. They were not good soldiers.

Quickly their sister intervened. One week later she received a letter from Major General Ulio, Adjutant General of the entire Army. The letter said that Pvt. Frank J. Koch had been transferred to Camp Gruber.

Now, all is well. Pvts. Koch and Koch mope no more; model soldiers they. Frank J. is now acting corporal. He is also pitching for the company softball team. The catcher—George W.

Do You Write?

The publishing firm of Doubleday, Doran is offering $1,000 in the form of a U. S. bond for the best manuscript, fiction or non-fiction, submitted by anyone in the U. S. Army, officers or privates, men or women. Closing date of the contest is Sept. 1, 1943. The bond will be an outright prize, with the usual royalties in addition. The manuscript doesn't have to be complete; 10,000 words will do if you send along a synopsis of the rest. The subject is up to you; anything goes.

A Couple of Clothing Notes

No one can accuse our Army of putting square pegs in round holes. Take the case of Pvt. Raymond E. Forbes. Pvt. Forbes is allergic to woolen clothing. It chafes him and makes life miserable. At Fort Bliss, Texas, where the private was stationed, the weather is often cold enough to necessitate woolen clothing. Those days materially reduced Pvt. Forbes' efficiency, as well as made him unhappy. The Army's response to this problem was immediate and practical. Pvt. Forbes is now stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, where the weather is so balmy he can wear cotton clothing all year round.

Suspenders instead of belts will be *du jour* for soldiers in cold climates, according to the latest QM fashion note. This refers particularly to fighting men who carry heavy loads, like parachute, jungle and mountain troops who have to stuff their pockets with all sorts of fiendish equipment. It seems that belts would never stand the strain and would soon have the wearer's pants down around his ankles.

Heroism, Sunnyside Up

The feat of repairing the retractable landing gear of a bomber in flight while hanging head down through an open hatch has brought a citation for valor to Sgt. Billy Gribble of the USAAF in Australia. It has also brought severe headaches and offers from Barnum and Bailey, but Sgt. Gribble considers them worth the trouble. If he hadn't fixed the gear the plane would have had to make a crash landing, with a good chance of smashing the plane and its 7 occupants. Sgt. Gribble hung head down for an hour, while two other members of the crew held him by the legs.

Gypsy Gyps Us

I will remember last week for a long time. Because last week a bad thing happened to me. Gypsy Rose Lee got herself up and married.

I can still look at the Police Gazette clipping pasted to the top of my foot locker, but it doesn't seem the same. For too long I and all my colleagues of the second platoon have looked upon Gyp as our own. It's a bitter thing to think of her as a spouse.

This is sort of an open letter, venting all my anti-marital spleen. Maybe marriage is all right for some people, but for Gypsy, no. There have been too many guys like me spending too many nights

Mrs. Alexander Kirkland

in tents in Carolina and Georgia and California and Maine and Arizona, remembering the voice that tenderly used to croon, "You don't want me to catch cold, do you?"

I speak for my friends in this. Somehow we shan't be able to look at Gyp with the same eyes. That charm undiminished by previous wedded bliss, has this time fled. This is the straw that broke the G.I. camel's back.

Even if Gyp should throw a garter from the U.S.O. stage, a garter that would smack us slap in the kisser, it wouldn't seem the same.

The old Gypsy is dead, along with the old burlesque. We might just as well resign ourselves to that. Now when we see her picture in four colors on the cover of some magazine we'll simply shrug that right shoulder (the one without any stripes on it) and say, "Oh, yes. She's the author, isn't she? The one who writes those detective stories?"

—PVT. AL HINE

SWING IN WARTIME

Hot Autumn

This week, as the first symptoms of a cold autumn appeared in America, there was nothing to indicate, on the surface, at least, that American jazz isn't still as hot as ever.

In the swing capital, New York, Benny Goodman was preparing to go back to his old winter stand at the New Yorker. Glenn Miller was about to resume his home-spot at the Pennsylvania. And both bands, as in the past, were scheduled to be relieved later on in the season by Woody Herman and Jimmy Dorsey.

Vaughn Monroe will be back at the Commodore. Harry James will dish it out at his old stomping-ground, the Lincoln, while Sammy Kaye will return in the late fall to the Essex House.

Old Masters in New Uniform

Underneath these familiar, reassuring signs, however, something was audibly wrong. Despite the comforting presence of the same old names at the same old places, ardent hep-cats were beginning to sense that the old lift and drive were getting a little bit out of the groove.

Many of America's best jazzmen, it seems, have changed from tuxedoes to OD's. Today Uncle Sam waves the stick, and he has enough talent to make more top dancebands than MCA ever dreamed of.

Take the band Pvt. Marc Rosales has whipped together at Ft. Dix. (All bandleaders keep little switches near them so they can whip their bands together.) The roster of this yardbird jam-gang reads like a mythical all-American outfit picked by *Downbeat*. Enlisted men include George Koenig, sax (Benny Goodman); Red Di Cataldo, trumpet (Larry Clinton); Carol Parvis, drums (Joe Venuti); Bob Stuarsi, sax (Louis Prima); Bob Jenny, trombone (Claude Thornhill); and Al Peinecke, arranger (Dick Stabile).

Pvt. Rosales' band is typical of scores of other G.I. swing bands that have sprung up recently everywhere from Australia to North Ireland.

Swing Goes Girlish

That leaders are frankly worried over the shortage of manpower is indicated by a recent shift which Woody Herman made in his orchestra. He assigned his girl trumpet soloist, Billie Rogers, to a regular spot in the brass section. "Who knows," Woody said, "maybe I'll be leading an all-chick outfit before the winter's over."

Benny Goodman also began to show signs of uneasiness. Last week when he wired Bill Clifton, pianist, to fly from Hollywood to join him on a job in New York, and then, after hearing him play one number, gave him two weeks' salary to hold him, and sent him back to the coast.

In the Air

Joe Marsala, whose agony pipe speaks with an authentic jive accent, is making another try with a full-sized band. He has 16 pieces this time, with Eddie Condon and Max Kaminsky as stand-outs. . . . Pancho reported for his physical last Friday. . . . Teddy Wilson's new album of characteristic solos (all right, then, soli), recently released, is as welcome as a 14-day furlough. . . . You'll hear it soon on G.I.Jive, YANK's daily shortwave jam session for the A.E.F. . . . G.I.Jive, incidentally, is one of the biggest shortwave jobs ever undertaken. . . . It is beamed on every continent. Programs are regularly highlighted by personal appearances of celebrated jazz figures. Xavier Cugat, Richard Himber, The Ink Spots, Skinnay Ennis, Barry Wood, Helen Forrest (Harry James' chirp) have appeared recently. . . . Later on you'll hear Bing Crosby, Connie Boswell, etc. . . . As you know, G.I.Jive is the property of the A.E.F. All programs are built on the requests which you send in to YANK.

Out in Cleveland, Aud King's band is billed as the "All Defense Orchestra." In addition to a 5-hour nightly musical stint, each of the eight men has a full time defense job. King himself is a marine electrician, wires U. S. ships every day in the week. In the evening, he changes from overalls to tux and wields the stick at the Aragon Ballroom. Bob Chester filed a petition for bankruptcy, showing that he had been doing a $23,000 business in reverse.

The top songs in America last week were, "He Wears A Pair of Silver Wings," "I Got A Gal In Kalamazoo," "I Left My Heart At the Stage Door Canteen," and "My Devotion." "Jingle Jangle Jingle" was still around, but the composers continued to remain in hiding.

—CPL. H. N. OLIPHANT

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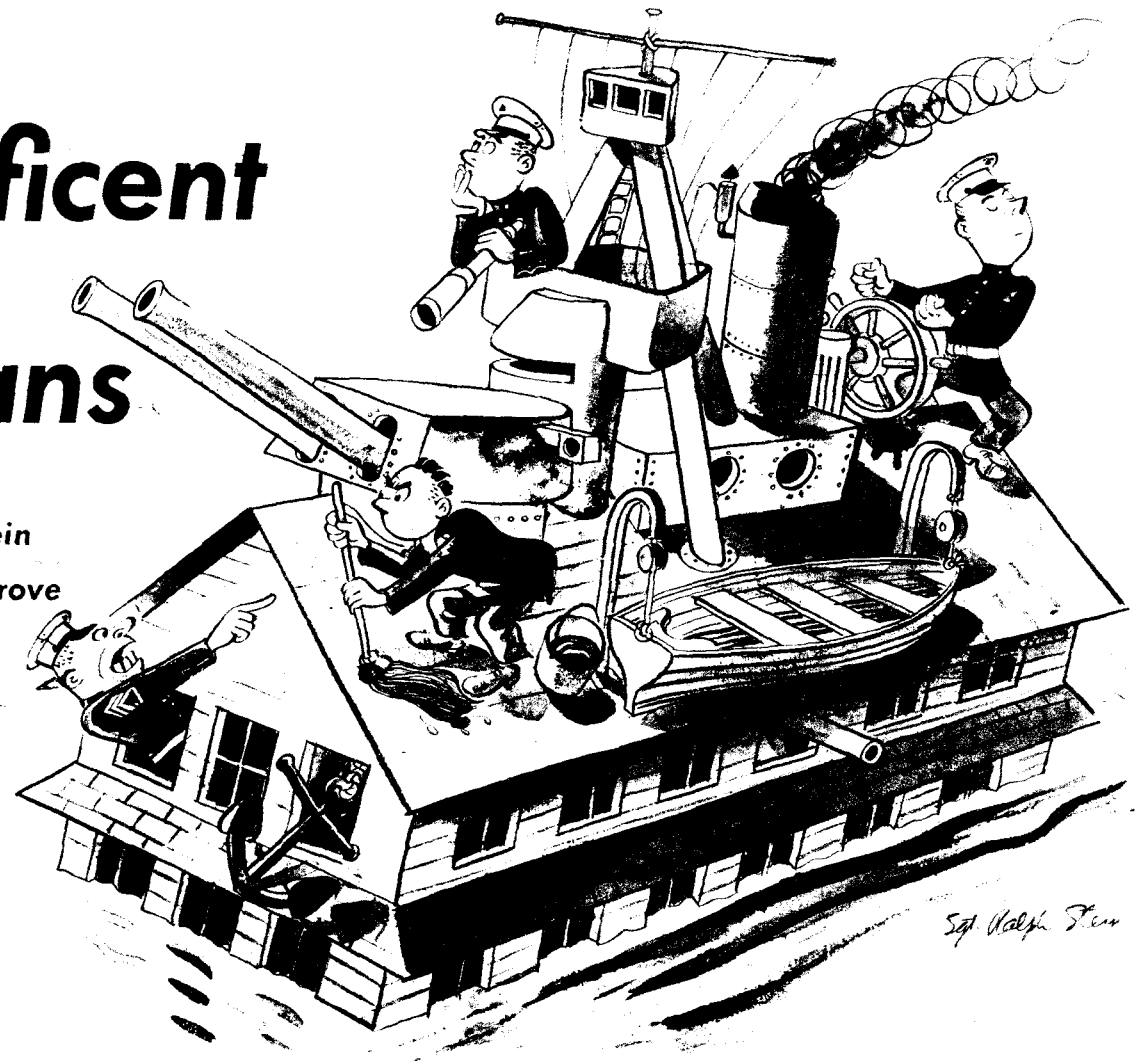
The Magnificent Amphibians

Scrawled by Sgt. Ralph Stein

Scriven by Cpl. Marion Hargrove



"The Marine thinks of his barracks as a ship."

THE United States Marine is a military phenomenon who looks like a soldier, talks like a sailor, fights like a wildcat, and thinks like a princess of the blood royal. Always a modest fellow, the Marine describes himself as "a soldier who can read and write."

The United States Marine, as any United States Marine will tell you with or without provocation, is the best looking, toughest, most intelligent, most polished and most valuable member of the armed forces. When he hears that one-third of the nation is poorly housed, poorly clothed and poorly educated, he knows which third it is. It is the Army, the Navy and the Coast Guard.

Although from year to year the plumage of this magnificent bird has become less and less bright, even today the sight of a full-dress Marine is a sight to dazzle the eyes of all who behold it. In any shortage of electrical power, you could suspend him from a lamp-post and he would provide enough light for his duller looking compeers to read a newspaper at a distance of four blocks. This splendid spectacle—this symphony of blues and white, of reds and golds—is fading fast away, leaving the Marine only the splendor of his personal beauty, his proud physique and his pretty phiz, to lend magnificence to the American scene.

"Get one of them to take off his shoes, and what do you find? Web feet."

The Marine is extremely proud that he is an amphibious creature. Get one of them to take off his shoes and what do you find? Web feet.

The Marine thinks of his barracks as a ship and he speaks of it in nautical terms. A wall is a bulkhead; a floor is a deck, to be holystoned rather than scrubbed. A latrine is a head. The Marine never goes upstairs; he goes up topside. When he gets up topside he isn't on the second floor, but the second deck. And he didn't get there by the stairs; he went up the ladder.

When a Marine is indoors or has no hat on, he doesn't salute officers. When he is outside and salutes, his officer smiles very pleasantly and says "good morning" or some such thing as that. This is because the officer has a deep respect for the Marine. "There is a member of the most efficient fighting force in the world," he says.

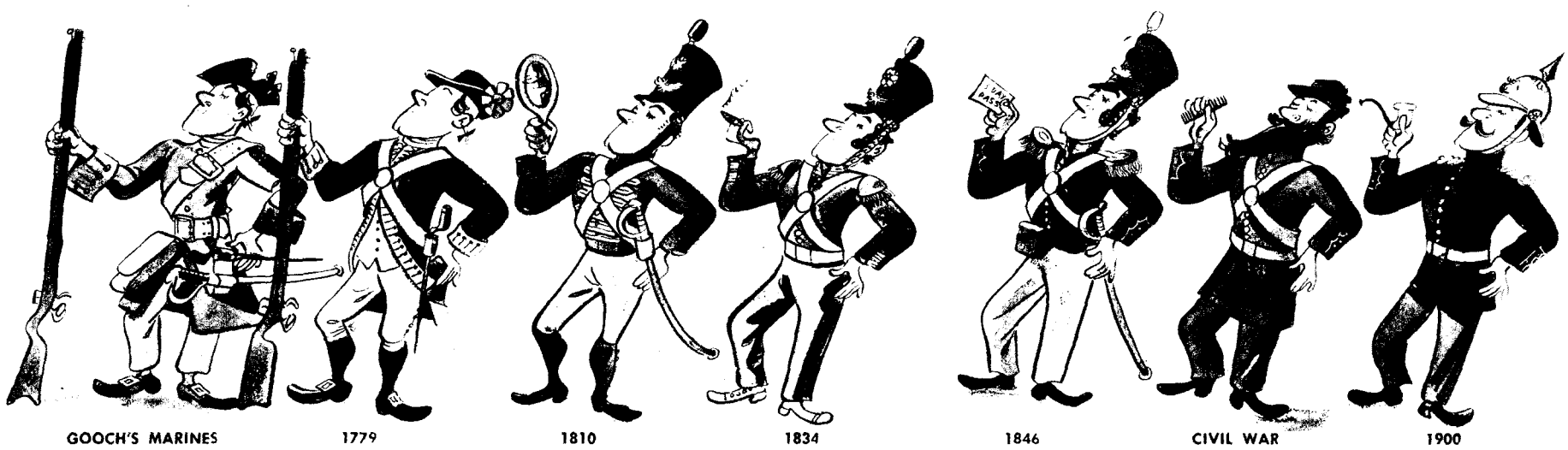
Although it is almost unbelievable, these glamor boys actually do KP. They put on their herringbone twill coveralls with the Marine insignia and they work in the kitchen for a month at a time. Unlike the more prosaic soldier, however, the Marine gets $5 a month to cover the cost of any dishes he might break. If he breaks no dishes, the $5 is clear profit and the United States Marines win again.

All is not peaches and cream in the life of a Marine, though. He gets less liberty than a soldier and a three-day pass doesn't mean as much to him, since half that time must be spent in making himself as pretty as possible. When he leaves his barracks, he must pass the inpection of two full-length mirrors just inside the front door.

The remainder of his leave must be used to best advantage in informing his family, his girls, his old boss, and any other unprotected civilian he might capture just what a great and wonderful thing the United States Marine Corps is and how lucky the civilian is to know someone who is actually in it.

To make his spiel more effective, a good Marine will always have about him a fresh clipping headed something like "Army Lieutenant Goes Over Hill to Join Marine Corps" and at least one pad of notes to prompt himself on just exactly how the Marine Corps single-handedly won every battle in every war the U. S. has fought.

The Marine does not overlook the value of the Army, the Navy or the Coast Guard. He knows that they were organized and maintained to show, by contrast, the greatness, the wisdom, the courage and the beauty of the United States Marines.



GOOCH'S MARINES 1740-42 | 1779 | 1810 | 1834 | 1846 | CIVIL WAR | 1900

"From year to year the plumage of this magnificent bird has become less and less bright."

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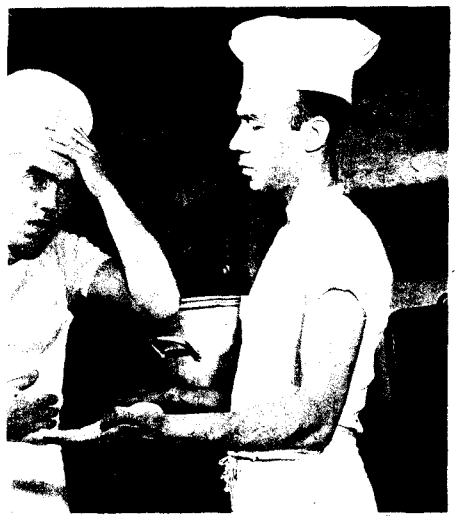
McTurk makes a Mulligan

AS THE curtain goes up we find Pvt. Joe McTurk, Staten Island's passion flower, indulging in a bit of Kay Pee. Joe is always on Kay Pee — except for the times he's latrine orderly. McTurk is played (like a low face-card) by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va. Pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris, an ex-corset salesman gone wrong.

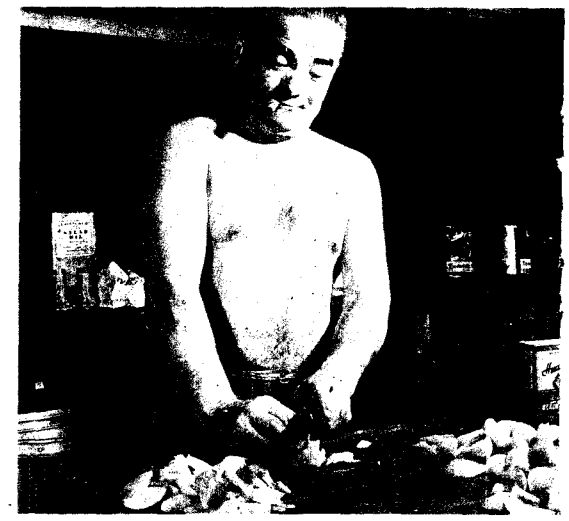
McTURK doesn't like Kay Pee. "I should be out in the air," he says, "filling me lungs with ozone." Mac gets tired of washing dishes. When he grows up and gets his own Army, he thinks, he'll have them eat out of paper plates. Mac looks askance at the vat beside him, which is compounded of copper and very dirty. "Them crummy cooks," he croaks. "They should stew in their own juice."



ONE OF THE COOKS is stewing in his own juice. "I'm sick," he cries. "Oh, me stummick. That's what I get for eating my own food." Another cook sympathizes. "Go trun yourself down on your pallet," he says. "I'll get a replacement."

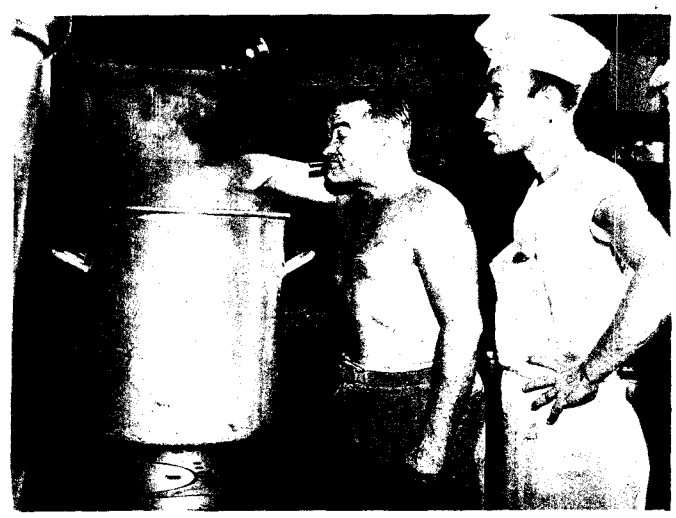
OF ALL PEOPLE, the replacement turns out to be Mac. "Leave off these pots," the cook tells him. "Can you whip up a stew?" Mac nods with a loose cigar. "Sure," he says. "With a mulligan I'm a dream boy. Lead me to the kettle."

"I'LL GIVE THESE BUMS something to remember me by," Mac tells himself. "Lessee what we got on the shelves? Peaches, onions, paprika, coffee, corn flakes, pertaters . . . Aw, I'll put it all in. This'll kill them guys."



AS HE CUTS the onions, Mac muses about the old clam bakes on Staten Island, and how instead of eating dessert you just broke someone's head. The Army is too soft, he feels. Soldiers eat with knives and forks, just like snooty dames.

A GOOD MULLIGAN, according to Mac, *needs a bit of leather in the pot to give it tang.* His own boot, which he drafts for the purpose, will probably give it double tang, or Tang Tang. "I'll have 'em all in sick bay," he mutters gaily.



"HOW'S IT COMING?" the cook wants to know. "It's almost done," Mac tells him. "You want I should carry it to the table or let it walk over by itself?" The cook sniffs the stew. "Smells good," he says. "Gimme a taste on me tongue." He's a game guy, that cook.

"BEST DAMN STEW I EVER ET," the cook says. "Delicieux," chortles the mess sergeant. Now look at McTurk. He's been permoted. "The next mulligan I'll make," he says, "is what is known as *a Havana Mulligan.*" He looks *meaningly at his cigar.*

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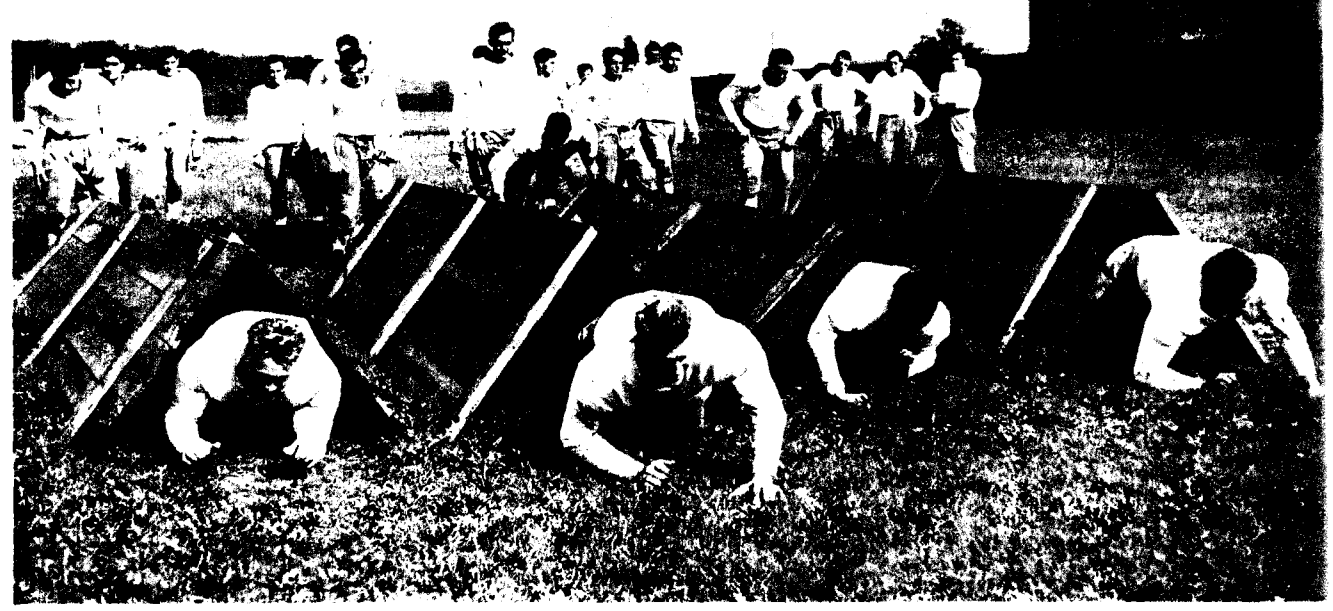
SPORTS



NOTRE DAME ADOPTS AN OBSTACLE COURSE—Coach Frank Leahy is using the old Army methods to get his Notre Dame football candidates in shape for the coming season. Probably the Irish are stealing G.I. stuff because they are planning to beat West Point with its own tactics in New York, Nov. 7.

Swede Star Breaks Mile Record Again

STOCKHOLM—Calling his shot, just like Babe Ruth before his famous World Series home run in Chicago, the amazing Swedish runner, Gunder Haegg, has raced the fastest competitive mile in history.

The little slim fireman, who bears a striking facial resemblance to another great runner, Paavo Nurmi, promised to smash the mile record 24 hours before he was scheduled to appear in the Stockholm Stadium Sept. 4 and a crowd of 27,000 turned out to see if he could do it.

Mud Slows Him Down

Before the race, it rained. The track turned into a soggy mess of cinders and Haegg wanted to call it off. But the officials held him to his agreement so he went out and ran the distance in 4:04.6, smashing his own mark of 4:06.2, set last July 2.

Haegg covered the first quarter in 58 seconds flat and did the half mile in an even two minutes. Then the muddy track and the humidity slowed him down, although he managed to sprint the final 110 yards in the fantastic time of 16 seconds.

After the race, Haegg and his father, who acts as his trainer, said that a four minute mile would have been a cinch except for the soggy track.

Seven Records This Summer

This is the seventh world record Haegg has broken in a little more than two months. His 4:06.2 mile of July 2 cracked Sidney Wooderson's accepted world mark of 4:06.4. The 4.05.4 mile that Glenn Cunningham ran on the oversized and springy Dartmouth indoor track with pace-setters has never been officially recognized.

Then Haegg broke the 2,000 meter mark twice and set new records for the 3,000 meters, 1,500 meters and the two miles. That kind of running

Record Breaker Haegg

was so unprecedented in track history that many experts in other parts of the world wondered if the watches in Sweden were running on standard time.

But for this latest effort, the Swedes measured the track carefully and used three timers, just to make sure that Haegg wasn't spoofing.

Incidentally, Haegg is planning to tour the U. S. next winter with Arne Andersson, another Swede who ran a 4:06.2 mile this summer.

Navy Discovers One Umpire Who Can See

LOS ANGELES — Here's one baseball umpire who has nothing wrong with his eyesight, although the fans probably claim otherwise.

Bill Doran, arbitrator in the Pacific Coast League, recently received a perfect vision rating when he took a physical exam for the Navy. He's off for training at San Diego.

Schroeder Wins Tennis Championship

FOREST HILLS, N. Y. — A few days before he joined the Navy, Ted Schroeder of Glendale, Cal., said farewell to tennis for the duration by winning the national singles title from Frankie Parker, 8-6, 7-5, 3-6, 4-6, 6-2, in a championship tournament that wasn't much like those in the good old days of Tilden, Vines, and Budge.

Practically all the really outstanding tennis players are now professionals, even Frank Kovacs, Bobby Riggs and Alice Marble. Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fabyan Cooke was out of competition this season because of an approaching happy event.

So there wasn't much of anybody left except Schroeder, Parker, Lieut. Gardner Mulloy and Francisco Segura, the two-handed swinger from Ecuador. As a matter of fact, the most popular player with the gallery at Forest Hills this year was Jinx Falkenberg, who lasted until the quarter finals of the mixed doubles with her brother, Tom, and the crowd was more interested in Jinx herself than her tennis.

In the men's singles semi-finals, Schroeder defeated Mulloy and Parker managed to survive by pounding the ball at Segura's weak backhand. Then Schroeder outvollied and outserved Parker in the final, which may be best described by the attitude of the musicians of the Army band who were assigned to provide music for the patriotic program in connection with the matches. They stood around during the match, asking the sports writers what were the latest scores of the Dodger and Cardinal ball games.

G. I. Football Stars Even Heavier Than A Pack Feels After 15 Miles

DENVER—Major Wallace Wade's Western Battalion of the Army All-Star football squad, now rolling eastward to eat a few more professional clubs after devouring Jimmy Conzelman's Chicago Cardinals here Sept. 6, was probably the most terrifying aggregation of muscle men seen in this Rocky Mountain country since the days of the covered wagon.

When Major Wade's towering soldiers thundered out on the Denver University Stadium turf before Lieutenant John Kimbrough led them to a 16 to 10 victory over the Cardinals, the earth shook so threateningly under their feet that the 20,000 spectators expected the goal posts to topple down.

Only three men on the starting Army team were under 200 pounds —Lieut. Marion Pugh, quarterback from Texas A. & M. and the New York Giants, who was listed at 165, Pvt. Emil Fritz, the Vanderbilt guard (190) and Lieut. Herman Rohrig (185), the back from Nebraska.

Plenty of Poundage

Take a gander at the other heavyweights:

Ends were Pvt. Forest Ferguson (200) of Florida and Lieut. Bill Dawson (220) of Texas A. & M., tackles Pvt. Park Myers (230) of Texas and Pvt. Win Pederson (215) of Minnesota, the right guard was Lieut. Joe Routt of Texas A. & M. (203) and the center was Pvt. Archie Kodros (205) of Michigan. Then, in the backfield, there was Kimbrough (210) at fullback and Don Scott (210) of Ohio State.

And that was nothing compared to some of the replacements Major Wade rushed into the Army ranks while the game was in progress.

Pvt. Tony Cemore, for instance, the guard from Creighton who kicked two field goals, weighs 220 and Cpl. Jap Davis, Kimbrough's understudy from Duke, tips the beam at that figure, too. Cpl. Joe Manzo of Boston College Sugar Bowl fame who alternated at tackle is a 225 pounder and among the other subs were Pvt. Nick Drahos of Cornell (210), Sgt. Owen Goodnight of Hardin-Simmons (200), Sgt. Dennis Andricks of Texas A. & M. (211) and Lieut. John Meek of California (220).

Kimbrough Makes Great Run

But despite all this weight, the Army has a fast, smooth-functioning football machine. The blocking was practically letter-perfect when Kimbrough made a beautiful 95 yard run down the field for a touchdown in the first period. Then, in the last three minutes, the former Texas Aggie star smashed over with another score to erase the Cardinal's 10-9 lead.

The Army gridiron stars are making a big hit with football followers on this cross-country tour for the benefit of the relief fund. When they're in action, a private can command an officer to block that wingback or else but, off the field, strict military discipline and etiquette are observed within the squad.

Practice sessions are called "Drills" and each notice about the next blackboard talk or the time to catch the train for the next game is typed in army form and signed "Wallace Wade, Major, F.A., Detachment Commander."

Chickerneo And Blozis Join N. Y. Giant Eleven

NEW YORK — John Chickerneo, blocking back for Marshall Goldberg in the famous Pitt "Dream Backfield" a few years ago, and Al Blozis, the Georgetown shot putter and tackle, are now wearing the uniforms of Steve Owen's New York Giants professional football team.

The former Pitt star was drafted by the Giants three years ago but took a job in South America instead of reporting. Two weeks ago he turned up at an exhibition game in Akron, O., and asked if Owen wanted him this season. The words were hardly out of his mouth when the Giants had him on the payroll.

Blozis has been accepted by the Navy and is awaiting a call to duty. In the meantime, he intends to keep in trim by playing with the Giants.

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SPORTS: OLD BO-BO, THE ONE AND ONLY, GOES BACK TO HIS REAL HOME

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

After the Cardinals, Cubs and Pirates chopped the Dodger lead from seven and a half to three games on the recent Western trip, Leo Durocher sent the following message of encouragement home to his faithful followers in Brooklyn:

"Don't worry about us. We're all right and we'll win the pennant for you again."

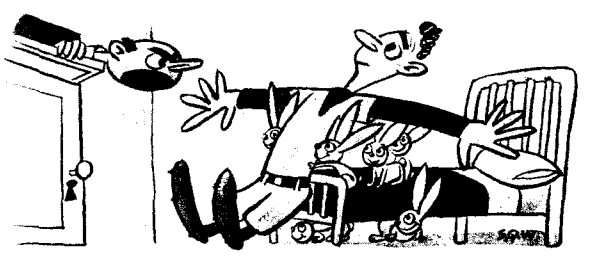
But Leo and his boss, Larry MacPhail, must have been slightly uneasy about the approaching drive down the stretch because the very next day they took the desperate step of purchasing from the Washington Senators the only man in organized baseball who can hold his own with either or both of them conversationally, none other than Buck (Bo-Bo) Newsom, himself in person.

He's Always Been A Dodger

This is not Bo-Bo's first appearance as a Dodger. He laughed and talked in Brooklyn back in 1929 and 1930 under Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who cured him of the habit of pitching underhand, and forever afterwards as he wore the uniforms of Jersey City, Macon, Little Rock, the Chicago Cubs, Albany, Los Angeles, the St. Louis Browns, Washington, Red Sox, Browns again, Detroit, and Senators again, Bo-Bo always remained a Dodger in heart, word, deed and action.

Practically everything Bo-Bo has ever done in baseball was accomplished in the true and inimitable Brooklyn manner. Who else but a Dodger could pitch a no hitter for nine innings and then lose the game, 2 to 1, on one hit in the tenth as he did for the Browns against the Red Sox in 1934? Or get in wrong with the Red Sox management for keeping six rabbits in his hotel room on a road trip?

Nobody but a Dodger could establish a modern major league record for yielding the most earned runs (186 in 1938) and lead his league in games lost (20 in 1934 and 18 in 1935), bases on balls issued (192 in 1938) and hits allowed (334 in 1938) —but still receive credit for two victories on one day (Sept. 25, 1940) win 13 games in a row (1940), place second in league strike-outs for five consecu-



tive seasons (1937 to 1941) and equal a record by fanning six Yankees in succession.

It was Bo-Bo, too, who almost did the unbelievable feat of winning three World Series games for the Tigers in 1940 and just missed on the last day when he held the Reds to two hits but lost 2 to 1, when Bruce Campbell stumbled running after Jim Ripple's game tying double. Afterwards in the locker room he declared in the true Dodger dramatic fashion, "I'll never pitch again."

The Suit Was Already Bought

Then there was the time in 1938 when Donald Barnes of the Browns, who happened to be his employer that month, offered Newsom a new suit if he defeated the Indians in the opening game of the season at Cleveland. Bo-Bo did it easily, 6 to 2, and Barnes came around later with the money in his outstretched hand.

"You're too late," Bo-Bo told him. "The bill for the suit is already in your office. I ordered it before we left St. Louis."

And there was the day in Washington (it's difficult to keep track of his various ports of call) when Earl Averill's line drive knocked him out of the pitcher's box and Billy Knickerbocker yelled derisively from the Indian dugout. "That'll show you, Mr. Showboat!"

Stung to the quick, the enraged Bo-Bo arose from the grass and pitched his heart out for the

When Newsom and Durocher talk things over, the noise is louder than a battery of 240's.

remainder of the afternoon. After the last out, he limped to the locker room and told the trainer, "This leg is broken." And an examination revealed that Bo-Bo had worked seven innings with a shattered knee cap.

As a matter of fact, Bo-Bo is always breaking some sort of a limb or a joint. When the pennant-winning Dodgers purchased him from the seventh place Senators last week, he immediately wired Durocher, "Congratulations on buying pennant insurance. Am reporting in great shape, rarin' to go."

He Belongs In Brooklyn

That telegram reminded baseball historians of the daily letters Bo-Bo wrote to Chicago in 1932 after the Cubs drafted him from Little Rock. They all read like this:

"Dear Mr. Wrigley—I just want to congratulate you on getting yrs. truly in the draft. I always wanted to pitch for the Cubs. I am in perfect shape ready to pitch today and waiting for the word to go."

Bo-Bo composed those letters in his bed at Hartsville, S. C., using, as a writing desk, the cast of his broken leg.

When the leg mended, Bo-Bo accompanied his uncle to a mule auction in Columbia where one of the long-eared animals took a deep dislike to him and kicked him, breaking it again in exactly the same spot.

Bo-Bo attributes his frequent fractures to a statuette on the mantle of his Hartsville home. Whenever one of his children or his wife, Lucille, happens to knock over the statuette, Bo-Bo breaks a leg. It has happened three times now but still he refuses to get rid of the statuette.

"It brings me luck," he says.

The Dodgers are said to have paid Clark Griffith $25,000 for Bo-Bo but even if he never wins a pen-

nant for them, it will be money well spent. They just can't afford to let a character like that play baseball for any other team. He belongs in Ebbets Field.

Plenty of 20-Game Pitchers This Year

ST. LOUIS—There won't be any 30 game winners in the major league pitching ranks this season but it looks as though several boys will come up and hit the jack pot for 20 victories, a total large enough to increase your next year's salary on any ball club.

Mort Cooper and Rookie Johnny Beazley of the Cardinals, Claude Passeau of the Cubs, Tex Hughson of the Red Sox, Ernie Bonham of the Yankees, and Whitlow Wyatt of the Dodgers are all within reaching distance of that mark. There are a few others, such as Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds, Spurgeon Chandler of the Yankees, Curt Davis and Kirby Higbe of the Dodgers who may get under the wire before the shooting is over.

Davis and Higbe Work Overtime

Cooper, Passeau and Hughson have all won 18 as this is being written and Beazley, Bonham and Wyatt have 17 triumphs to their credit. Davis and Higbe, now doubling for the Bums as relief pitchers as well as starters, have a good chance of winning two or three a week for the rest of the stretch drive.

Cooper attributes his success this season to his trick of changing shirts as he goes after each new victory. This is the first time he has ever won more than 13 games and he broke that jinx by changing from his own Number 13 shirt to Gus Mancuso's old Number 14 against the Reds, Aug. 14.

The Old Numbers Game

The Cardinal star was rewarded with a shut-out and decided to play the numbers racket a little further. Going after his 15th, he borrowed shirt Number 15 from his catcher and brother, Walker Cooper, and sure enough, stopped the Cubs, 5 to 1.

He took a chance and wore 14 when he went in against the Pirates as a relief hurler, Aug. 23, and was charged with his seventh defeat. So the next time out, he borrowed Ken O'Dea's Number 16 and won a 14-inning thriller from the Dodgers. Then he won his 17th wearing Number 17 and finally with Number 18 on his back, defeated Boston's Braves, 4 to 3.

Yankees Cheerfully Waive Bye-Bye Bo-Bo

NEW YORK — The Yankees didn't hesitate a moment waiving on Louis (Bo-Bo) Newsom so the Dodgers could purchase him from the Senators for the stretch battle and the World Series.

When President Ed Barrow was asked why he didn't try to detain Newsom, his reply was simple:

"That fellow would drive Manager Joe McCarthy crazy."

Scorer Robs Hank Borowy, Yankee Ace, of No-Hitter

NEW YORK—The official scorer robbed Hank Borowy of the Yankees of a no-hitter against the St. Louis Browns here last week.

As a matter of fact, everybody in Yankee Stadium thought Borowy had hurled a hitless game when he struck out Walter Judnich for the final out in the ninth inning. But in the first inning, Harland Clift of the Browns was given credit for a hit when Joe Gordon knocked down his drive behind second base and fumbled the ball.

But Borowy and almost everybody else assumed that it was an error and were dumbfounded when they discovered otherwise.

Cullenbine Gets Traded Into World Series Dough

NEW YORK—Roy Cullenbine has been kicked upstairs from the Senators to the New York Yankees and their World Series money to fill the gap left in the champions' outfield when Tom Henrich joined the Coast Guard.

The powerful switch hitter, who had been with the Tigers, Dodgers and Browns before the Senators acquired him, says his wife in Detroit fainted when he phoned her the surprising news. He will probably be held in reserve while George Selkirk takes Henrich's starting right field spot.

The Cardinals have also brought Ernie Dusak from Rochester to bolster their attack in the pennant drive and the Pirates have acquired Burgess Whitehead, veteran second baseman, Outfielder Jimmy Russell and Pitcher Harry Shuman from Toronto.

The arrival of Whitehead reunites him with his manager of the old St. Louis Gas House Gang, Frank Frisch.

Outstanding Negro Stars Will Get Cleveland Trial

CLEVELAND — Three stars from the Buckeyes, local team in the Negro American Baseball League, say they are going to get a try-out with the Indians next spring.

They are Manager Parnell Woods, Outfielder Sammy Jethroe, now batting for .450, and Pitcher Eugene Bremmer. They all played in the recent Negro East-West All-Star game.

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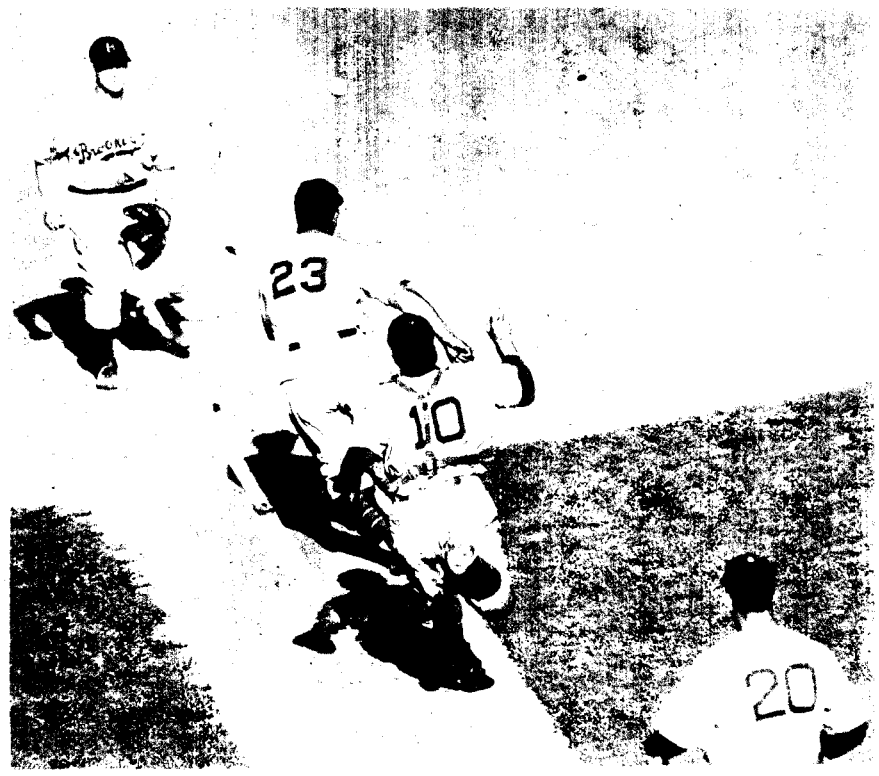
Bums Plunge Brooklyn In Gloom



NO WONDER THE CARDS ARE GAINING—This kind of baseball is driving Flatbush rooters out of their minds. Here is Babe Barna, Giant outfielder (23), trapped between third and home by three Dodgers, Arky Vaughn at the bag, Catcher Mickey Owen (10) and Pitcher Larry French (20) but still Barna managed to get back to the base safely, as the Giants walloped the Bums in the Polo Grounds.

Flatbush Fans Get the Jitters As Cards Creep Closer to Dodgers

NEW YORK—Charlie Ricciardi, our Brooklyn office boy who has been boasting all summer long about Wyatt, Reiser, Medwick and Owen, paused the other day before addressing another copy of YANK to some A.P.O., care of the San Francisco Postmaster, and extended his ink-stained palm.

"Shake hands," he said, in a very disgusted tone of voice, "with a St. Louis Cardinals rooter."

This significant incident took place after the Dodgers dropped two out of three with their arch rivals, the Giants, on the Saturday and Sunday before Labor Day at the Polo Grounds and slid down to a new low in the National League standings, only two and a half games ahead of the racing Cardinals.

Charlie was disappointed in the Bums then but the next afternoon when they went to Boston and couldn't do any better than split a holiday doubleheader with the lowly Braves, he announced that he was all through with them.

Even Bo-Bo Newsom, who had shut out the Reds in Cincinnati in his first appearance as a Dodger pitcher a few days previously, couldn't help Leo Durocher in his hour of need.

He was charged with the loss in Boston, giving Ernie Lombardi among others a couple of fat hits that enabled the Old Schnozzola to take the league batting lead away from Brooklyn's Pete Reiser.

The Cards happened to split a doubleheader in Pittsburgh, too, the same day so the Bums still led by two and a half games after the holiday week-end. But that isn't enough. As we go to press, it is anybody's race in the National League.

Phils May Boost Brooklyn

At this writing, the Dodgers have 20 games to play and the Cardinals have 19. Fortunately for Durocher, seven of his 20 games are against the Phillies who are worse than usual this year.

Popular sentiment all over the country is swinging behind the young and colorful Cardinals, who weren't supposed to stand a chance a month ago. The Dodgers are no longer the beloved Bums of last year. In many circles, they are regarded as just plain Bums.

In the American League, everything is just about normal. With 18 games to go, the Yankees were eight and a half games ahead of the Red Sox, who can't seem to gain no matter how many battles they win. The Red Sox figure they may cut down the lead sometime in 1943, if they're lucky.

Kansas City Wins Close Pennant Fight

KANSAS CITY—Clinching the red hot American Association pennant race by a slim half game, the Kansas City Blues are now seeking a victory in the play-offs with Milwaukee, Columbus and Toledo that will put them into the Little World Series.

The Blues squeezed into the front of the tight league finish by taking a Labor Day decision from Milwaukee, 9-2, after dropping both games of a double-header to the same team the day before.

Now they play Columbus, third place winners, in a four out of seven game series while the second and fourth place teams, Milwaukee and Toledo, meet in a similar struggle. The winners then battle to meet the winner of the International League play-off for the small World title.

Newark took the International League pennant a week ago but the other play-off teams in the Eastern circuit fought it out right up to the Labor Day finale. Montreal managed to take the second position but the Giant farm at Jersey City and the Syracuse Chiefs finished in a dead heat for third place, with a season average of .510.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF SEPT. 8)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	9	13	15	14	16	14	12	93	43	.684	—
St. Louis	11	—	14	13	12	13	14	14	91	46	.664	2½
New York	8	7	—	12	12	12	10	15	76	61	.555	17½
Cincinnati	5	7	8	—	10	7	15	14	66	70	.485	27
Pittsburgh	5	8	7	6	—	11	12	13	62	70	.470	29
Chicago	5	5	9	13	11	—	8	12	63	77	.450	32
Boston	6	6	7	5	6	11	—	14	55	81	.404	38
Phila.	3	4	3	6	5	7	8	—	36	94	.277	54
Games lost	43	46	61	70	70	77	81	94	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	9	14	12	13	14	15	16	93	45	.674	—
Boston	8	—	10	12	15	11	14	14	84	54	.609	9
St. Louis	6	10	—	13	10	12	10	13	74	65	.532	19½
Cleveland	7	8	9	—	6	10	13	16	69	69	.500	24
Detroit	7	6	11	12	—	11	8	12	67	72	.482	26½
Chicago	6	7	5	8	9	—	12	12	59	72	.450	30½
Wash'ton	5	6	10	7	11	6	—	9	54	81	.400	37½
Phila.	6	8	6	5	8	8	9	—	50	92	.352	45
Games lost	45	54	65	69	72	72	81	92	—	—		

MAJOR LEAGUE LEADERS

(As of Sept. 8)

BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Williams, Boston	136	478	122	168	.352
Pesky, Boston	133	556	93	184	.331
Gordon, New York	131	478	80	158	.331
Spence, Washington	133	557	83	184	.330
Case, Washington	109	441	84	140	.317

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Lombardi, Boston	93	265	26	87	.329
Reiser, Brooklyn	108	411	82	133	.324
Musial, St. Louis	123	403	89	129	.320
Slaughter, St. Louis	136	528	92	168	.318
Medwick, Brooklyn	131	511	63	157	.307

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	30	Ott, Giants	26
Keller, Yankees	25	Mize, Giants	24
Laabs, Browns	23	Camilli, Dodgers	22

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	125	Mize, Giants	96
DiMaggio, Yanks	100	Medwick, Dodgers	93
Keller, Yankees	100	Slaughter, Cards	91
		Camilli, Dodgers	91

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

(Sept. 8)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Los Angeles	96	67	.589	San Diego	79	83	.488
Sacramento	94	67	.584	Oakland	75	87	.463
Seattle	89	72	.553	Hollywood	70	93	.429
San Fran.	83	80	.509	Portland	62	99	.385

TEXAS LEAGUE

FINAL STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Beaumont	89	58	.605	Houston	81	70	.536
Shreveport	83	61	.576	Tulsa	76	75	.503
Ft. Worth	84	68	.553	Okla. City	58	95	.379
San Antonio	80	68	.541	Dallas	48	104	.316

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

(Sept. 8)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Little Rock	87	59	.596	Atlanta	76	77	.497
Nashville	85	66	.563	Memphis	72	80	.474
Birm'ham	78	73	.517	Chattanooga	66	86	.434
New Orleans	77	73	.513	Knoxville	61	88	.409

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

FINAL STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Kansas City	84	69	.549	Louisville	78	76	.506
Milwaukee	81	69	.540	Indianapolis	76	78	.494
Columbus	82	72	.532	Minneapolis	76	78	.494
Toledo	78	73	.517	St. Paul	57	97	.370

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

FINAL STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Newark	92	61	.601	Baltimore	75	77	.493
Montreal	82	71	.536	Toronto	74	79	.484
Jersey City	77	74	.510	Buffalo	73	80	.477
Syracuse	77	74	.510	Rochester	59	93	.388

FORT DEVENS WINS TITLE

BOSTON—Six hit pitching by Cpl. Joe Kwasniewski, former Providence College and Red Sox farm team hurler, gave Fort Devens a 6 to 2 decision over Fort Terry (New York) and the baseball championship of the First Service Command.

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ARMY ADDRESS

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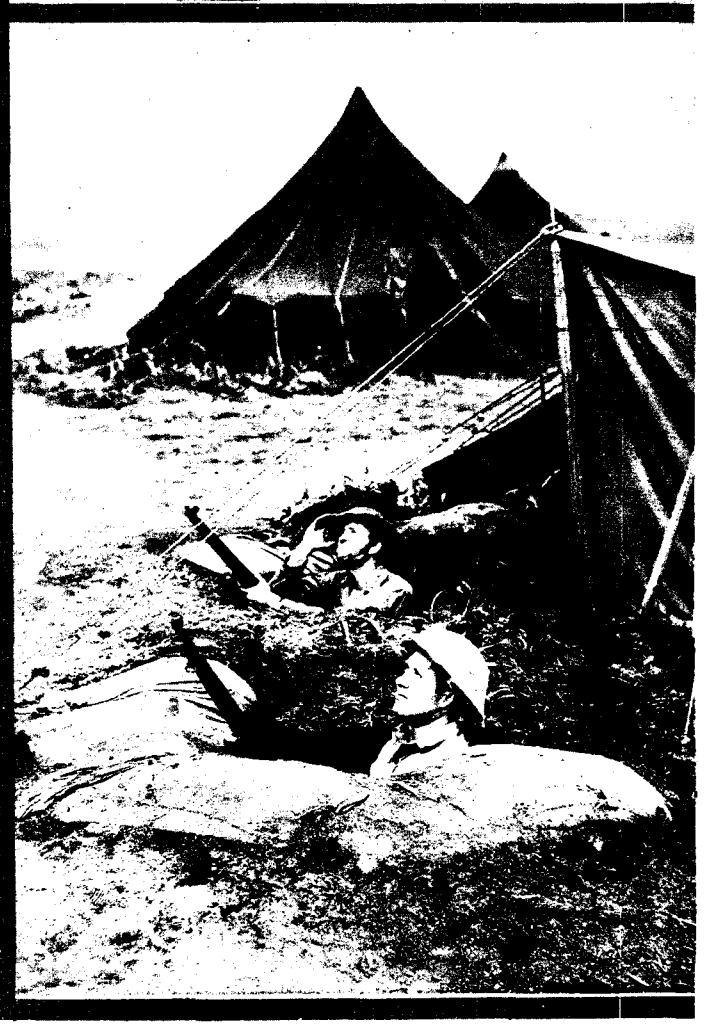
YANK

From "Somewhere in Alaska" come these three photographs showing activities of American troops stationed at this northern front. In the picture at the top of the page, the men are pulling and pushing a gun up a mountain pass. In the photo at left, it's time out for a smoke after a bit of maneuvering in a light tank. In the photo at right, the men are on the alert in their foxholes, an eye to the sky for enemy planes. The Yanks on duty up there have found the Jap is not their only problem. Another, quite as difficult, is the weather. Particularly have men who fly our planes found this true.



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